

The TATLER

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London, July 30, 1930

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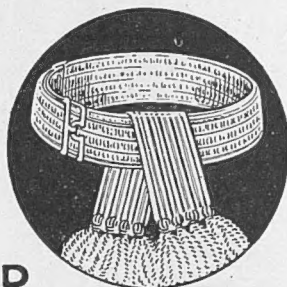
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THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH

The most recent portrait of the wife of the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., M.F.H., the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Dalkeith is a daughter of the late Major William Lascelles, who was a kinsman of the Earl of Harewood. Lord Dalkeith is the Member for Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire, and Joint Master of the Buccleuch Hounds with the Duke. The Buccleuch country has been called the Leicestershire of Scotland—plus stone walls—things which are only encountered in Leicestershire on the Charnwood Forest side of the Quorn domain

The Letters of Eve



MELTON (LADIES) BEATS THE WEST COUNTRY AT NORTON

The ladies' match at Norton, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club grounds, between a Melton ladies' team backed by Mr. Gerald Balding, the International, and a West Country ladies' team backed by another, Mr. Aidan Roark, was not one of the least interesting items on the programme. Melton won by 2 to love, and this was the team: the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, formerly Miss Josephine Laycock, Mr. Gerald Balding, Miss Judy Balding, who was the No. 3, and the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, who was the No. 2



MR. AND MRS. J. J. DENISON-PENDER
Leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, in a young gale of wind. The bride was Miss Camilla Lethbridge Pemberton, daughter of the late Mr. Willoughby Pemberton and Mrs. Pemberton. The bridegroom is Mr. and Mrs. Denison-Pender's elder son

MY DEAR.—Last week's terrible air disaster still haunts my thoughts and one will not easily forget the shock which London experienced that Monday evening when the news reached us. I was at a theatre when the full magnitude of the tragedy became known. One could feel the wave of sadness which passed over the crowded audience, and the play—a very popular one—was subsequently received almost in silence.

It is a long time since we have felt so genuinely appalled, but sympathy, no matter how heart-felt and widespread, is, alas, of so little avail.

Blue hydrangeas, delphiniums, and white lilies made a lovely lining to St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Miss Camilla Pemberton married Mr. "Jos" Denison-Pender. It was essentially a young wedding as neither of the chief movers in the procession was much over twenty, and the ages of their official supporters diminished almost to vanishing-point under their little poke-bonnets. Miss Thetis Wilson dominated the grown-up section with her stature, which made her good looks highly evident.

The speed with which wedding photographs are available at the reception hardly an hour after the ceremony is always a source of wonder. As a rule they do not display much originality, but this time it appeared that a gust of wind had caused the bridegroom to take the veil. At any rate he



MORE LADIES' POLO

A group at Foxbury, near Chislehurst, where, as at Norton, the ladies have been invading a game usually a special preserve for men. In this group are Major T. W. Nickalls, Miss Cicely Nickalls, and Miss P. Nickalls, of the Foxbury team, which won its match by 4 to 2

was obliterated by yards and yards of tulle, but happily he emerged in time to make grateful noises to the congratulators who poured into Chesham House.

This building which has staged so many and varied receptions, social and diplomatic, allowed one to breathe and move in a manner not customary at weddings. All the presents were exhibited there too, and they had been more cleverly distributed than usual. Two or more of a kind were displayed at intervals, and not in that sort of royal flush which has spoilt the day of many a disillusioned donor.

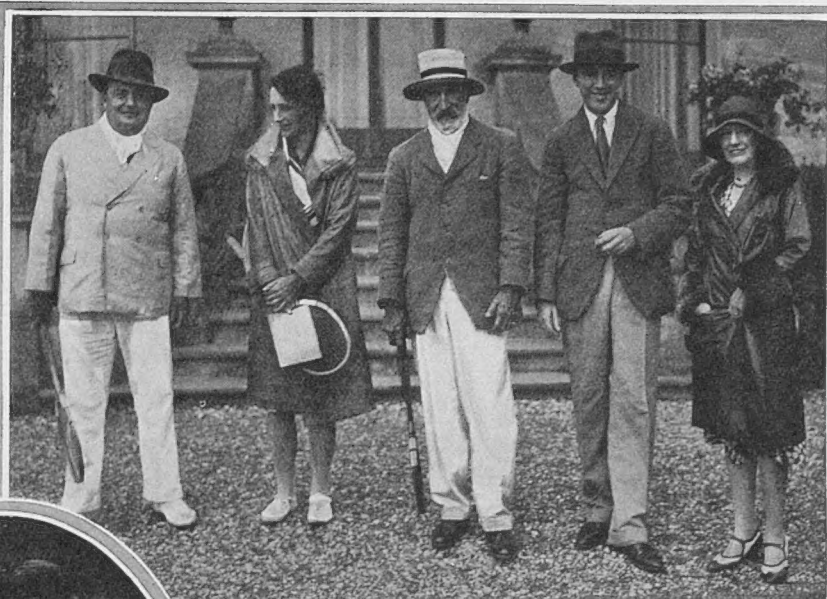
Of the throng, Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart might be accused of taking notes for her own wedding to Lord Tiverton quite soon. The best man, Mr. John

Tilney, was telling her of his cautious ruse for avoiding a hitch should the ring have escaped him at the critical moment. The premium for evading this catastrophe was sixpence, as the duplicate he thoughtfully provided came from Woolworth.

Mrs. Raymond Orred's eyes seemed to be bigger than ever, which I intend as a compliment of the same magnitude; and Mrs. Underdown is as easy to look at as she was when Miss Orr. Her initial being R., the joke among her friends at the time of her own wedding was that she had ceased to be "raw" and was merely "underdone."

The usual question of "Where are you going for your honeymoon?" had the almost inevitable answer of "Brioni." But a visit to Oberammergau is to be included in Mr. and Mrs. Denison-Pender's return journey.

The Eclipse meeting at Sandown, like other important events, such as the Grand National and the Eton and Harrow match which happen on Fridays, is necessarily rather late in being commented on in this letter. I came away from it with the feeling that never again did I want to see trailing chiffon and lace dresses at a race-meeting, especially when the weather so obviously suggests something so far different. Most of the garments of that kind looked wrong even at Ascot, the last strong-hold of *outré* fashions for the day-time. But only those who were at Sandown can have any idea of the real unsmartness of the general effect, especially when the rain began to fall



Bale

AT THE SULBY HALL CONSERVATIVE FÊTE

In this group are Commander the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Carson, he being Lord Carson's younger son, Admiral Sir Thomas Hunt, Mr. R. Paget, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Paget, who was spun for the Army because a collar-bone he broke out hunting declines to knit, and the Hon. Mrs. Chesterman who is a daughter of Lord Carson by his first marriage and managed this fête and the tennis tournament

in torrents. As it was, the neatly-garbed few in trim coats and skirts or simple dresses stood out as a welcome relief. But there was one person who did achieve perfection, and that was Lady Furness, who was quite the smartest woman there and ultra neat withal.

Her toilet consisted of a very simple and perfectly-cut putty-coloured dress with a short coat on which were pocket cuffs and a triangular collar of dyed ermine; a tight-fitting little hat to match completed the good effect, and everyone was admiring it and her. I think the next best thing was the smile on the face of the Aga Khan after his Rustom Pasha had won the Eclipse, which is as valuable in stakes as the Derby.

He had come over specially from Paris to see the race, and was off again next day. The French runner, Lovelace II, which belongs to Mr. Esmond, accounted for a strong contingent of visitors from over the Channel, including his owner's daughter, to whom golf courses really appeal more strongly than the race variety. Others that I specially noticed were Lady Adare, Lady Churchill, and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp,

who all looked neat and smart, Lord Westmorland and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Lady Linlithgow wore a dark-blue two-piece with checked collar and cuffs, and the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's yellow shoes made a bright spot in the parade-ring when she went to have a last look at her runner, Racedale.

* * *

The time is at hand for the annual *fin de saison* exodus, and already strong men can be seen in all directions heaving heavy pieces into large vans, while many houses wear that aloof and disapproving look engendered by drawn blinds. For though it is no longer considered an indictable offence to be in London in August, owing to the fact that the ranks of the working classes have been so heavily augmented during the last decade, the great trek to all points of the compass is still a convention observed by the many.

Talk during the last few days has been mainly of plans for going away. Some of the more lucky and leisured will be off to America later on for the polo Internationals, but there is time to be filled up before then. However one or two, like Lord Eustace Percy and Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, with Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton, who decided at the last moment to join them, are already across the Atlantic.

* * *

The South of France is apparently going to be as popular as ever again this year. It is curious how the Riviera has completely reversed its smart young season. The Queensberrys are off there, and so are Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid. And most of the other amusing people who usually contribute to its gaiety and display of strange garments and browning skins. The dullness and wetness of these latter days of July rather make us lean to the sun and the

(Continued on p. 192)



Hay Wrightson

YOUNG STRIBLING

Who is called "The Georgia Peach," and met Phil Scott at Wimbledon last Monday. In the customary "ballyhoo" before the match both artists were tipped as absolutely certain winners



Dennis Moss

AT WESTONBIRT: MAJOR ARCHER HOUBLON, BRIG.-GENERAL HOUSON-CRAUFURD, AND LADY KATHLEEN LINDSAY

On speech day at the famous school for girls in the heart of the Beaufort country. Scenes from "The Tempest" were played, but the weather was fair to good medium. Brig.-General Houson-Craufurd was formerly in the Indian Army, and is the husband of the head-mistress of Westonbirt. Lady Kathleen Lindsay is a sister of the Earl of Carrick



MRS. JOHN FANE
AND HER DAUGHTER
VENETIA

A new portrait of Lady Augusta Fane's daughter-in-law, who married Mr. John Fane in 1928. Mrs. Fane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Falconer Wallace and a kinswoman of Lord Anglesey

Speaight

South, so that many of us will eventually drift there next month and leave the North until September. One southern-bound party will be with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster on board their lovely yacht *Cutty Sark*, in which they are going to cruise the Mediterranean and Adriatic.

* * *

From all accounts there are likely to be more hearts than bodies in the Highlands, for the tale of unlet moors grows steadily longer. One reason is indubitably the song o' sixpence Mr. Snowden sang so successfully. Another, the gloomy outlook on matters financial in America, from where so many sporting tenants of Scottish moors usually spring. It is a pity, not only for the attendant loss of the employment which accrues from a satisfactory let, but also because this year the grouse are said to be in capital fettle.

It is good news, however, that the King is making plans to shoot, and has rented Colonel Farquharson's Geallaig Moors on Upper Deeside, the Balmoral estate being more particularly reserved for stalking. Lord and Lady Ancaster are due at Drummond Castle quite soon, and will have a large party for the Twelfth and for the Crieff Gathering, of which Lord Ancaster is to be Chieftain.

In Yorkshire prospects of big bags are bright. Lord Mexborough and his brother, Captain George Savile, have kept the Hawnby and Arden Moors in their own hands, Major Gordon Foster and accomplices will be in action on Bransdale, and Lord Feversham will shoot over the Roper Moors.

* * *

But to revert to Scottish matters. I hear that the popularity of machine-made bets was at Ayr apparent when the Summer Meeting was held there last week. Colonel T. C. Dunlop and his wife and daughters being among those taking chances by this method. He, you know, commands the Ayrshire Yeomanry, is an ex-Master of the Eglinton, and really merits the often-abused term of all-round sportsman.

Another representative of the county Yeomanry was present in the person of its adjutant, Captain A. W. E. Crawford, who is also secretary of the recently established but already flourishing polo club. His wife, looking most agreeable in black and yellow, was there too, and my correspondent also remarked how well black became Mrs. Charles Forbes of Callendar. Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Leake had a horse running in the Castlehill Handicap and went into the ring to see him saddled, abetted by Miss Chester; their co-optimistic view of his chances was, however, doomed to disappointment.

Ayrshire recently suffered defeat by Oxford Authentics in a quite entertaining cricket match, but at a party given the same night at Turnberry disasters at the wicket ceased from troubling the vanquished, who were on the best of terms with their

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

conquerors. No rest was permitted to the weary, however, for aquatic exercise in the swimming bath followed hard on the heels of dancing.

* * *

August is an unusual time for weddings, but there will be several to keep things going during that rather moribund month. Lady Katherine Hamilton's is to be quite a quiet one in the impressive setting of Henry VIII's Chapel. Miss Angela Pearson's, which will be a big affair in Sussex, and cause a gathering of the Cowdray Clan, has had its date fixed so as to fit in with Lord Cowdray's visit to America, on which he has to start a few days later.

The end of the Season has been brightened with several exciting new arrivals besides the crop of new engagements. The daughter born to the Duke of Abercorn's heir, Lord Hamilton, and his charming wife, has meant great rejoicings in the large family circle. Let us hope she will inherit some of the well-known talents of her relations. Another new baby whose advent has caused much interest is the son born to Mrs. Charles Cartwright, a popular American whose personality is as vivid as her colouring. She loves entertaining, and gives numbers of small parties at her very attractive house in Curzon Street.

* * *

In this age of female achievements it was not surprising to find a match specially staged for women in the Beaufort Polo Club's tournament. A Melton team was invited to come and deal with the West of England, which comprehensive title embraced Miss Wagge, Mrs. Watts, and Miss Jackman, backed up by Mr. Roark. Mr. Gerald Balding was more than a little helpful to the winners, who included his sister and the two Mrs. Greenalls.

Some of the spectators' comments on the subject of female encroachment on this game were not encouraging, the massed endeavour of the combatants to get the ball going being likened to a swarm of wasps round a pear. That this pronouncement was quite impersonal goes without saying, and I too will go without saying more than—Love from EVE.

In our issue of July 23, we published a photograph of a gentleman whom we described as Sir William Gower. This description was incorrect and was due to a photographer's error. We should like to apologise for any annoyance or inconvenience which may have been caused by this regrettable mistake.



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LADY MARY STANLEY AND LORD ERNE

The Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, if not the most summy of these functions, was certainly the largest ever and constituted a record muster in force for the closing event of the London Season. Almost every member of the Royal Family was present and practically the whole Corps Diplomatique as well as about 3,000 other guests. Lady Coke is the Earl of Leicester's daughter-in-law and is with her elder daughter. Miss Diana Coke, the Earl of Leicester's granddaughter, was married on July 23 to Mr. Howard-Vyse. Lady Airlie is the younger of the Earl and Countess of Leicester's daughters. Sir Edwin Lutyens is the famous architect-designer of the Cenotaph, New Delhi, and countless other things. Lady Victoria Scott was formerly Lady Victoria Haig. Lady George Wellesley is the Duke of Wellington's daughter-in-law and Miss Wellesley is her daughter. Lady Mary Stanley is with her son by her first marriage, Lord Erne, who succeeded to the earldom on the death of his grandfather. Lord Crichton, his father, was killed in action in 1914.



MISS KAY FRANCIS IN "RAFFLES"

Miss Kay Francis is in the cast with Mr. Ronald Colman, who should be an ideal Raffles, and the film is certain to fill the Tivoli in the Strand, where it starts on August 4, the Bank Holiday, for just as long as the management cares to keep it on

THIS seems to me to be a convenient occasion for registering a protest. My protest concerns the alleged omniscience of critics, an omniscience thrust upon them and to which they do not pretend. It is only the critics of the drama and the film who are thus burdened. The essence of music and poetry and painting being to say nothing definitely, it follows that the best-equipped critics of those arts are those whose minds are wildly and nebulously blank. A writer for drama or screen means what he says; your musical composer says something which may mean anything. Beethoven's chord of A, B flat, and F sharp may express Beethoven's disgust with his nephew, his ailment, his banking-account, or life generally. And Mr. Ernest Newman will tell us that it is the business of the musical critic so to probe and psychologize into the life and nature of Beethoven as to discover what forces compelled him to that harmonious perpetration. In other words, musical criticism is all bunk, and those gathered round Mr. Newman's bed some forty or fifty years hence will doubtless hear him admit it. But the best of being a musical critic is that the more esoteric your bunk the more people will think of you, whereas bunk is the one thing which is not permitted to the dramatic or film critic, since his slightest statement can be checked by the ragamuffin who hawks his paper in the street. Wherefore, throughout my entire life I have always been, and am still, extremely careful to declare my general ignorance. I hope I know a little about the history of the drama and the film, for that is my business. But of the larger matters which compose the world I do not pretend to know more than the man in the street.

The foregoing reflections are suggested by the new film at the Carlton entitled *With Byrd at the South Pole*. Supposing now that Richard Strauss or M. Honegger should decide to write a symphonic-poem on this theme. Who, does the reader think, would write the better criticism of that symphonic-poem? Mr. Newman, or Commander Byrd? Personally I would back Mr. Newman, though for all I know he may never have heard of the South Pole. Now take the completely analogous case of this film, which is a symphonic-poem on Commander Byrd's achievement put together by Messrs. Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky. Which, does the reader think, would be the better critic of this film? The present writer, or some specialist with a knowledge of Polar expeditions? There was a time when I, even I, used to talk and write fudge and pretend that the essential thing about such a film as we are considering was its impact upon æsthetic consciousness. But as I get older I find that art is becoming less, and life more, interesting. In other words, I find that real things are beginning to swallow up and absorb the pretty things that we make up about them. For example, what I wanted most to know when I sat watching this very remarkable picture was the exact size of the achievement and the magnitude of the heroism involved. And that is where my ignorance of previous Polar expeditions presents such a handicap. Vaguely I seem to remember that Scott and Amundsen

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Plain Words About the Pole

and Shackleton attempted the job on foot having got as far as they could by boat. The difference between Byrd's achievement by aeroplane and that of the others on foot begins, then, at the point of leaving the boat, for he, too, went as far as he could by water. It is true that the establishment of Byrd's base-camp was a miracle of organization. But then organization is the genius of dull minds. Anybody can organize; and I write as one who during the summer of 1917 transported 7,000 tons of dates from the quayside at Alexandria to the snow-line of the French Alps, and wrote a novel while waiting for the trains. Yes, anybody can organize! It is true that to dig oneself in beneath the snow in company with thirty-nine other blokes and wait for the sun to rise six months later must have been a bit tedious. But they had a regular wireless post, and that tediousness cannot have exceeded the tedium of life in Buckinghamshire where no living soul ever speaks to any other and letters are regularly mislaid. The point of Byrd's adventure, then, begins with leaving the dug-out and entering upon the flight proper; and here I have a strong, decided, and wholly inexpert opinion to offer. It is this. The feats of Scott and those others called, if I remember rightly, for many months of persistent endurance, heroism, and incalculable strain. The strain of Byrd was confined to twenty hours, hours of comparative physical comfort in a commodious aeroplane. It is true that there was a question of death to be faced. But I suggest that facing instant death with mind and body in the best possible fettle is a less heroic business than calmly facing death by exposure and exhaustion with a mind and body already strained to breaking-point. The one is the gambler's throw, whereas the other is the real stuff. I do not pose as a combatant because I have never been one. But it seems to me that to go over the top may be easier than to command your soul in an insufficient trench during a long and continuous bombardment. Byrd's achievement was of the over-the-top order, the Charge at Balaclava, the gambler's throw. Either his machine cleared that 15,000-ft. mountain-range or it didn't. Either his petrol lasted or it didn't. The moment came when he had to choose between throwing away his food to lighten his 'plane or turning back. But I still submit that this death-or-glory business, which is indulged in by every transatlantic aviator, is a very different business from that of trudging three miles a day in a blizzard with the rest of the world not twenty hours but twenty weeks away. The fact that Commander Byrd has by flying conquered both the North and the South Poles suggests to my inexpert mind that neither achievement holds a candle to the other failures.

Nevertheless the picture at the Carlton is, in my view, an extremely good one. It is a little vulgarized, though I think my colleague of *The Times* rates that vulgarization at least ten times too high. One feels that the picture is being made, though the film-makers have endeavoured to conceal this by saying hardly anything about the other aeroplane. The captions and the speaker are inclined to "pile on the agony" a little too much; and to allude to the dog which had to be shot as "another gallant gentleman" is repugnant to English taste. There is just a little too much spectacular huzza'ing and cap-throwing, which again give the sense of something being staged. But the point I want to make is that the picture is only 5 per cent. vulgarized when that figure might so easily have been a hundred. I also beg my colleague of *The Times* to realize that if the picture had been wholly austere nobody but himself would have gone to see it, and that Messrs. Zukor and Lasky knew this. In many ways I regard this film as superb, and I certainly recommend it in complete sincerity. It is not Commander Byrd's fault that the aeroplane has made things easier. The exact truth of the matter is that Commander Byrd has not improved upon his predecessors in valour and skill. He has achieved with complete success something infinitely less difficult, as I will prove in one sentence. It is conceivable that I, a complete tyro, could have sat in the machine with Byrd, whereas with those others I could not have trudged ten miles.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xiv

SUPPORTERS OF THE YORKSHIRE SHOW



MRS. MOULE AND COLONEL KIRBY



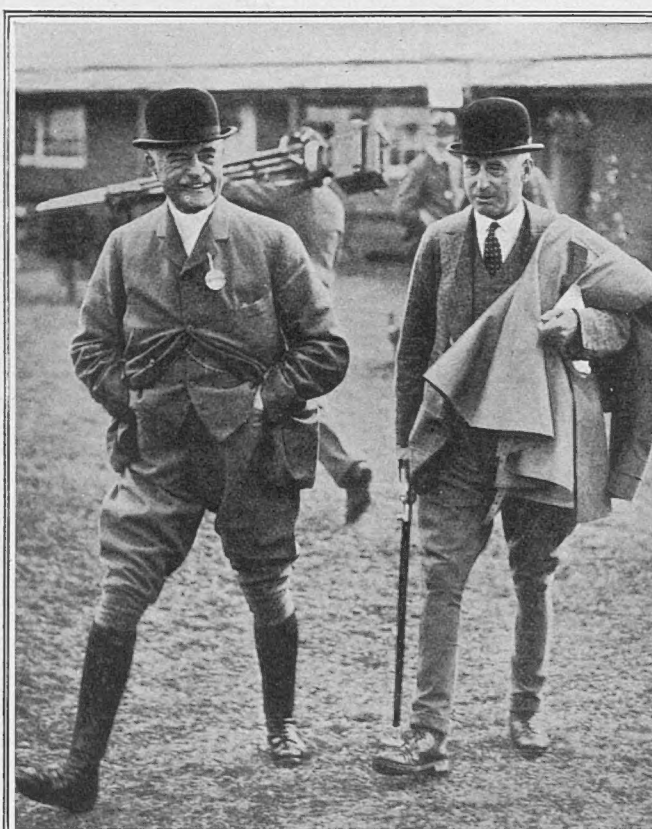
MRS. DAVID LYCETT GREEN



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WICKHAM-BOYNTON



MR. MAURICE PEASE AND MISS BOULTON



COLONEL WHARTIN AND MAJOR PELHAM



LORD HOTHAM AND MISS CECIL

That important fixture, the Yorkshire Show, was held this year at Hull, and showed a big improvement in entries compared with the last time it was staged there, which was in 1922. Captain Wickham-Boynton of Burton Agnes Hall was president, and did well in the hunter thoroughbred stallion class with Hector and Knockberry Boy. Sir Edward Lycett Green's son, Mr. David Lycett Green, was also a prize-winner, his Mistle being a good second to Mr. John Darby's Liberty in the heavy-weight hunter class. Mrs. Lycett Green was Miss Angela Courage before her marriage. Seven packs were represented in the Foxhound Show. The Middleton won in four out of the six classes, their Groomsman being champion dog-hound, and the Worcestershire's Wanton was champion bitch. Lord Hotham, who is seen with Miss Cecil, succeeded his cousin as 7th Baron in 1923. His second sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Hotham, recently became engaged to Lieutenant-Commander Colin Hugh Smith

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

SANDOWN is one of the best if not the best course in England for seeing racing, and it is the only one on which the five-furlong races can be seen from start to finish from broadside on. It is a very deceptive course, being one of the easiest five furlongs in England, for though it would appear to be particularly severe yet it is a favourite track for non-stayers and top-weights. The angle of the winning post is such that from the stands one can have no idea what has won if the finish is in any way close. There was no difficulty about this in the two-year-old selling race on the Friday when Stanley Wootton put over one of his coups which very nearly materialized at 10 to 1. Tullymore entered the betting at 5 to 2 and drifted out to tens, but just before the "off" the money got back and any available price was taken. Any delay at the post would have seen the price nearly even money, and the colt won as these things should do, with a cartload in hand.

The crowd was phenomenal, and since the removal of the bookmakers to the new rails, Tattersalls is almost the least crowded enclosure on the course on big days, that holy of holies, "the Members," which is so select that even owners are not given passes, is uncomfortably congested at the rails end. The traffic arrangements also need alteration, as practically the entire car park has to be emptied through one gate so narrow that a long car has to be backed to get through it from the side. Another gate or two would save many unfortunates spending the best part of a summer evening inhaling the exhaust gases of other people's cars. The Eclipse Stakes didn't bring out a very nice lot of horses. The favourite, Walter Gay, looked almost a twin-brother to Dick Swiveller, but both look short of quality, a family characteristic. Rustom Pasha is a nice horse but not a typical Son-in-Law, and though lacking in size M. Esmond's Lovelace II, out of that charming mare Straitlace, was the most taking animal in the field. Whether it is that Fox isn't big and

strong enough to get him out, the favourite ran a most disappointing race, loping along well within himself till called on for an effort, when he merely sprawled like a fox-hound puppy without pulling out anything at all. Rustom Pasha was lucky to get through, and Lovelace II had to come from the rails to the outside to get a run, which may have cost him the race. Unless you can take your position very early on it is very questionable if the inside berth pays on these circular tracks. The winner battled it out well, and one's doubts as to his courage are removed.

Probably the National Breeders' Produce Stakes has brought



MR. EDDIE CROSSE

Caught by "The Tout" at a moment when he is declining some tempting offers about the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood

out a really good two-year-old in Major McCalmont's Thyestes, who has all the size, scope, and strength of a three-year-old. Though running slightly green, he beat a very good-class field pointless, and though from his breeding he doesn't look like aspiring to higher honours than perhaps "The Guineas," he is unlikely to be beaten this season.

I would never dream of joining issue with Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey on racing topics, having seen the sledge-hammer blows of his rapier on tortuous trainers, titled tipsters, and budmash bookmakers, but when he says that he enjoys racing at Leicester on a Monday in a continuous cloud-burst I feel that one of us isn't normal. Trying to find out which is not the slowest of the collection of bad horses assembled there is no matter for hilarity on a fine day, and the Oadby course is one of the unluckiest in the matter of weather. The interchangeability of the parts of the electric Tote was indeed a brain wave, and the portion of the Newmarket machine moved to Leicester worked without a hitch, though some punters thought there must have been a flaw in the addition when a 30-to-1 winner only paid 2 to 1 for a place.

At the same time Old Oak Ridge put up a wonderful performance at Liverpool, but he is so much better at five furlongs than six that one must rule him out for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. With all his weight, Songe could nearly win this race, but he has developed a sulky way of racing and never seems to get all right till it is all over. The draw is an important factor in this race, those on the far side having a greater pull, but reasonably drawn, To You seems to me to have an outstanding chance, with Gilpin's and F. Darling's selected dangers. Quick as a flash out of the gate one can see this grey never being headed. Though the racing is tricky in the extreme at Goodwood with most of the two-year-old races run over six furlongs, it is, given fine weather, the jolliest meeting of the year, but in bad weather it is one of the worst, with that horrible wrack blowing in from the sea. So bad was this last year that the "blower" expert signalling to his Tattersalls confrère from the top of Trundle Hill was unable to get his messages through the mist, and failed to get £400 on an 8-to-1 winner.

This week finishes serious racing for a month or so, and the croupiers and whatnots of Continental watering-places will be getting off us what the men with the satchels so rightly consider to be their inalienable perquisite—our incomes.



MRS. CORLETTE GLORNEY

A popular American lady owner, Posterity, the Derby disappointment, being one of hers. She trains with that regular wizard, Major Sneyd, at Sparsholt. Posterity is in the Goodwood Stakes

IN THE SUN: CAP D'ANTIBES



MISS NORMA TALMADGE



MR. IRVING NETCHER, MISS NORMA TALMADGE, MISS ROSIE DOLLY, AND MR. GILBERT ROLAND



MR. PHILLIPS-OPPENHEIM AND MRS. OAKLEY VANDERPOEL

Literature, the stage, the film, and the great world of commerce are collected in these pictures, the last named the person of the beautiful Mrs. Sidney Van den berg, the wife of the American millionaire. Whilst we shiver here these lucky persons bask there. Even our Turpentine Lido has ceased to be crowded. Mr. Phillips-Oppenheim lives on the Riviera and has the Villa Deveron at Cagnes. Miss Norma Talmadge needs no introduction, but she swims quite as well as Bébé Daniells! Miss Rosie Dolly and her sister Jenny are well known at all the theatres and casinos in Europe and always have the pluck to back their opinions at the tables



MRS. SIDNEY VAN DEN BERG

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Freedom—In Time.

FREEDOM comes to most of us so late in life as to make it seem scarcely worth while to be free. It is small good being a free man at sixty if you have been a prisoner for fifty-nine years more or less. If only the elderly, "stuffy" people who travel first-class and inhabit for ever hotel lounges had had their present where-withal twenty years previously I believe they would not now live so greatly as if the breath of Balham were animating a living corpse. Too often by the time one is financially free, too often by the time we have realized that little really matters which the world has brought us up in the belief that it does, we have lived too long in a rut to get out of it, and the walls of that rut have become too high for us ever to look over the top. No one is really free whose work is not a joy. Nor can anyone live his own life in his own way if his livelihood depends upon what his next-door neighbour thinks about him. And this, alas! is the fate of most of us for at least two-thirds of our existence. The last one-third finds most opportunities missed and our dreams merely half realized—and this too late. Luckily, however, I think the majority prefer to go through life in blinkers and at the end of a driving-rein. They haven't the faintest notion what to do with liberty even when for a few hours they possess it. Look at most of their recreations and you will gaze on so many last resorts of those who have forgotten what life is for, the joy of it, the passion of it, its boundless possibilities, and its laughter. I suppose the fact is that we are so hide-bound by rules and regulations from childhood to the grave that we have lost the art of appreciating the sheer joy of being miraculously alive. And yet only until people begin to be themselves, bound by no rules and making their own regulations, do they begin to be interesting at all—except as museum specimens. Which is why we are attracted by unconventionality, I suppose, the while we struggle to disapprove of it. We are jealous, inwardly jealous, of its greater courage. And so I can well imagine that Ethel Mannin's "Confessions and Impressions" (Jarrolds. 10s.6d.) will cause the "old women" of this world, both male and female, to fall about like flies in a frenzy of shocked disapproval. Yet it is one of the most interesting, simply because it is one of the most daring and outspoken, volumes of personal reminiscence which has been published for a twelve-month. Maybe it is sometimes even a little too daring. One doesn't object to the stripping of the soul on any occasion, but unless there be some psychological inference, to strip the body can easily savour of self-advertisement. Like the fame which will wait upon the first young woman who stands naked on her head in the middle of Piccadilly for sex-equality's sake. Thus Ethel Mannin drops her husband out of her life in a short paragraph, and only introduces us to one other man she loved after he had killed himself. But these events are important. They do *mean* something. They ought to have been elaborated, so to speak. There is no meaning in being drunk and jumping into an acquaintance's bed clothed as one is born. There is no meaning in several other incidents which she relates almost with the gusto of a bravura passage. They signify nothing even though, while reading them, certain people may wonder why they are not expiring from shock. One does not really know people any better because one has seen them in their bath, unless, of course, that is all you wanted to find out about them. So, truth to tell, while Mrs. Mannin quite often

metaphorically undresses herself in public, as it were, in reality she hides herself behind this nudity as behind a mask—the kind of mask, let it be understood, which people will gladly pay half-a-guinea to see. Except for her childhood in a poor London district, her efforts to earn her own living, her quick success as a writer, only one vital personal revelation emerges from her striking and unconventional memoirs—this is her philosophy of life. She believes in nothing which is not contained in the present moment. Her popularity as a writer is secure: financially, I take it, she is sound. She has made herself free—as free as even the wise can ever be free in this world of moral traditions and sanctified conduct. The philosophy of vital living did not come to her too late—as it comes to most of us. No philosophy is watertight, so to speak, and I daresay her own will often "let her down."

In the meanwhile it is teaching her more of life than most people learn though they live long enough to receive a telegram of congratulation from the King on their hundredth birthday. "It has always seemed to me that the only intelligent and satisfactory principle of life is that of determining both to have one's cake and eat it," she writes. "People say it can't be done; and for those people it obviously can't. In order to make it a practical working philosophy, two things are needful, and those the very things which the vast majority of people lack—immense vitality and a flair for living. I have both, I have always known what I wanted and never been afraid to go after it. Nor had any superstitious fear about taking what life offered and being glad of it, and not stopped to wonder whether it were 'wise.' It is all this business of being sensible and discreet which drains all colour and gaiety and spontaneous joy out of living. Indiscretion, like virility, is a lovely thing, and rare."

Impressions.

Ethel Mannin's "Impressions" of famous living people are, on the other hand, the best I have ever read. The most detached, yet understanding; the most amusingly prejudiced, yet the most entertainingly fair. There is also a description of a dinner-party at which many popular writers attended (their thin disguise could be penetrated by a child!), which is at once the most faithful picture as well as the most cruelly amusing one you could wish to read—if you would know how dull the clever can so easily be outside the covers of their books. Her portraits of celebrities are full-length portraits too. Moreover the gallery does not exhibit the same dreary procession of faces. A tea-party at the Jacob Epsteins; Paul Robeson, equally at home; "Papa" Lansbury, in his most fatherly mood; Leon M. Leon, all brilliant "jumps"; and Godfrey Tearle, all quiet "withdrawals"; Dr. Norman Haire, human, amusing, a world-famous specialist in a branch of medical science which must surely be making the Early Victorians turn round and round wildly in their graves; Dr. David Eder, probably the greatest psycho-analyst of the day; Miss Radcliffe Hall, almost the portrait of an earnest young "man"; William Gerhardt, Noel Coward, Beverly Nichols, Rebecca West, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Douglas Goldring, Somerset Maugham, Osbert Sitwell, Karsavina, Bertram Russell—they among others are all in the book. So many private opinions brilliantly drawn up by a woman who is not afraid to say what she thinks in her own way and to say it without favour. On the whole, therefore, "Confessions and Impressions" is a most interesting as well as a most uncommon book. It should certainly enhance the writer's reputation in the

(Continued on p. 200)



LADY ASHLEY
By "June"

Another example of Lady Inverclyde's talent as a caricaturist. Lady Ashley married the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir, Lord Ashley, in 1927. She was then Miss Sylvia Hawkes

A COLD DOUCHE!

By George Belcher



Visitor: My word, I am thirsty
Hostess: Wait a moment, I'll get you some water
Visitor: I said thirsty, not dirty!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

big world if not with her immediate neighbours. To miss reading it, however, would be, I am certain, to miss a book about which everybody will begin a conversation by asking if you have read it. It is that kind of publication. The ensuing conversations ought also to be illuminating. Too many book-talks lead only to platitudes, alas! Anyway, it is a book which makes you think as well as "puts you wise" on many things in life and on many famous people. So interesting and so well-written is it that you easily forgive the writer for almost insisting upon her irresistible allure where men are concerned. We must take her word for it, and we do.

More Memoirs.

After reading "Confessions and Impressions" it is rather like leaving a cocktail party to partake of tea with a County Family to pick up Sir Frank Benson's book, "My Memoirs" (Benn. 21s.). No murky passages of the human soul are revealed here. We move in strictly non-Bohemian circles. Sometimes, indeed, one yearns a little for the care-free, unconventional attitude towards existence which is supposed, wrongly to-day, but rightly years ago, to belong to theatrical life. So that old Mrs. Stirling seems not to have been far wrong when she declared that an actor ceases to be an actor when he becomes the possessor of dress clothes. There is much to be said for the rogue and vagabond point-of-view when applied to art, especially the actor's art. The famous Bensonian Company was never thus. It kept the banner of Shakespeare flying throughout the years when the word Shakespeare was coupled with ruin. Sir Frank's account of his stage experiences, of the rise and progress of his own company, are very interesting, if, however, without that human appeal which belongs always to the struggle of existence in which the uphill fight is more splendid than the victory. The account of his own pre-theatrical career takes up almost half the book, and this is interesting too. Yet, whereas no one could have written "Confessions and Impressions" except Mrs. Mannin, almost anyone with a graceful literary style could have written Sir Frank Benson's book, given the full facts of his life. That is to say, after finishing both books, one can at least say that one knows Ethel Mannin—some may even say even too well—yet knows Sir Frank no more than one did after seeing him in some of his more famous parts. It is a book of facts made interesting and often entertaining. Scattered throughout it are delightful sketches of people—one especially delightful picture of Ellen Terry and another of Oscar Wilde. This latter shows him in a light in which he will be unrecognizable by the unthinking majority, who swallow all they are told if only it be murky enough. It is in fact the story of Wilde kicking a lot of hefty undergraduates out of his room at Oxford, they being too greatly overpowered even to put up a fight. Another anecdote, apropos of Sir Frank when a young man suddenly springing up in the middle of one of Mrs. Besant's meetings to ask how material experience, if it were the source of all knowledge, could ever become conscious of its own existence, or how the moral sense could be explained solely on her basis of material experience. Whereupon a brawny Scotsman pulled him back

into his chair. "Sit doon laddie," he whispered, "y'are richt, mon; she's too clever for the likes of you and me, but you and I and the others ken she's altogether wrang." And that's a truism which lots of us apply to many a clever person's dictum, only they're not quite clever enough to know how right we are.

The Unsatisfaction of an Echo.

All the time I was reading Miss Winifred James' little book, "A Man for England" (Chapman and Hall), I was under the disappointing impression that she was trying to repeat the lovely charm of her "Letters to My Son" and never quite hitting the right note. It is very charming, very uplifting, and very tender, but it somehow or other misses that virile note which made her earlier book so endearing; misses it to become a splendidly patriotic mother's exhortation to her son on his first sight of the Union Jack. Sentiment here has become just a little tinged by sentimentality and humour is altogether missing. It is the perfect book for a Patriotic Mothers' Meeting, but "Letters to My Son" was the perfect book for every mother and for every father as well. Nevertheless, it has great charm and great common-sense, and although it preaches it doesn't

preach from a platform, rather from an easy chair drawn up close to the fire in an autumn twilight.

Thoughts from "A Man for England."

"A man cannot be a good citizen of his own country without being a good citizen of all the world, for upon the same basic laws each country depends."

"No man ever yet held himself aloof from common things without suffering harm in himself for his holding back."

"No one can live another's life for him. No one has a right

to draw another from the road and shut him into a house for ever because the road is full of dangers."

"The longer you wait to give your opinion the better it will be worth having."

"Doing wrong is better than doing nothing. The man who never makes mistakes never makes anything. Don't make any more than you can help, but never let any of the mistakes you make get you down and strangle your will to live and your will to do."

An Enchanting Novel.

There is a quiet enchantment about Pamela Hinkson's new novel, "Wind from the West" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), which envelops you almost from the first chapter. It is the story of three generations of a French middle-class family, beginning with old Madame de Lassage sitting on an old uncomfortable chair in a beautiful old room; continuing through her daughter Marguerite, unhappily married; and ending with Solange, Marguerite's daughter by the only lover she ever had throughout her lonely existence. To Solange belongs the greater freedom of modern life. The enchantment of the story is the enchantment of a kind of sad wistfulness which however never once degenerates into a sentimental unreality. One is charmed by it without exactly knowing why one is being charmed, except that the characters are lifelike, the plot interesting, and the French background beautifully painted for us in pictures which are as quietly coloured as they are vivid.



Actress (relating to rival experiences during recent tour): My dear, the applause—I was three weeks under an ear specialist!

Who Goes Where?



SEA FOR FOUR AT THE
LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB



COLONEL AND MRS. TENNANT

Arthur Owen



Arthur Owen

LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. HENRY
GUEST AND BRIG.-GENERAL
NEWENHAM AT LYMINGTON

Lady Isabel Wodehouse (2nd from the left) with Colonel F. Isaac, Captain Fane Gladwin, and Miss Phillips, who were members of her house party at the Old Mill, Milford-on-Sea, for the Lymington Yacht Club races held on July 19. Lady Isabel sails with enthusiasm and takes her full share in Solent activities. She is Lord Kimberley's daughter. Colonel and Mrs. Tennant were at Cowes last week

Lord Wimborne's brother and General Newenham are both members of Lymington Yacht Club, which was founded by Major Cyril Potter, who is its Commodore for life. Colonel Guest owns one of the big West Solent boats as well as a motorboat, and has a delightful house near Lymington



Arthur Owen

LADY DU MAURIER, HER DAUGHTER,
AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE, AT LADY
MARTIN-HARVEY'S GARDEN PARTY



RACING AT LEICESTER: LADY OLEIN
WYNDHAM-QUIN AND MR. BRASSEY

When Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey were at home to their friends last week at Parkholme, East Sheen, Lady and Miss du Maurier and Mr. Ronald Squire were among the many who accepted their invitation. At Leicester races the attendance was smaller than usual though a fair sprinkling of notabilities was to be seen, among them Lord Dunraven's daughter and Lord Huntingdon's sister, Lady Rowena Paterson. Ocean Wide, Lord Glanely's winner of the Welsh Oaks, annexed the Leicestershire one by a neck, so her owner now has three Oaks in one season to his credit, having won the Epsom classic with Rose of England



LADY ROWENA PATERSON
AND MR. CURZON-HOWE



MISS E. D. TYZACK

The first lady member of the Northamptonshire Aero Club to obtain her "A" pilot's certificate and win Lord Wakefield's Silver Challenge Cup. Miss Tyzack was also the first lady member to loop the loop

space is dark. Those millions who burrow night and morning in the tube railways would soon give up burrowing if the carriages were less well lit; it is largely the powerful electric lighting that wards off the thought of being enclosed with thousands of other people several feet underground in a shut box giving little more room than a coffin. In the cabins of air liners and of some light aeroplanes the windows are so small that the light inside is greatly reduced. Curtains are sometimes arranged to add to the gloom. It is depressing to be shut in a narrow, dark compartment while outside there is brilliant sunshine, and it is no encouragement to travel by air. It would be well worth while for the designers of both large and small cabin machines to give the largest possible window space and even to add windows in the roof. A bright, well-lighted cabin would add to the pleasure of travelling by air and remove that unpleasant feeling of being shut in. Wherever there is the remotest suggestion of danger—and most people come to air travel still with the feeling that it is not quite safe—it will be added to by lack of light and lack of space. There is the other advantage in the cabin with many large windows that the view of the passengers is improved. It is not only the pilot who desires to see about him, although he desires to do so for another and more important reason, but also the passenger. The passenger will find air travel more pleasant the more he can see. The arrangement of the fuselage below the wings, as in the high wing monoplanes and the new Handley Page biplanes, gives the passengers an uninterrupted view of the ground, and should be a valuable asset to these machines.

Low Flying.

Those who have watched armies of over-fed policemen, nearly all of them exhibiting the physiological signs of thyroid deficiency, engaged in swearing away the freedom of underfed, undersized youths in our courts must perforce become anxious when there are signs that those policemen are to obtain even more power than they possess at present, power extending even to aviation. The feebleness and incompetence of the criminal class in England are such that a handful of intelligent guardians would be sufficient to deal with them. But the size of the police force is large, and has continued to increase, with the result that its members are forced to make work for themselves. Up to the present the police have been able to find occupation in "controlling" night clubs, fortune-tellers, and motorists. In

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Light, More Light!

Designers of cabin aeroplanes would do well to pay more attention to the amount of light they let into the cabin. Claustrophobia may not be a common complaint, but there is a streak of it in most people. And the "fighting" sensation of being shut up in a small space is made twice as unpleasant if the

this work they have been aided by our magistrates; that band of brothers who exhibit (on the bench) a nobility and purity of thought and outlook exceeding that of the founder of Christianity Himself. But the police force continues to grow; and so fast that the increase in night clubs, fortune-tellers, and motorists is insufficient to provide for its needs in the matter of safe and profitable prey. So it turns to aviation. It knows that any police court will convict a motorist on sight, so it argues that it will also convict any aeroplane pilot on sight. It argues correctly. If a motorist is summoned for causing an obstruction, for example, he will be fined in inverse ratio to the amount he cringes and fawns before the court. No question of the facts of the case enters into the matter; the whole atmosphere and rulings are emotional. So it will soon be with aeroplane pilots.

There has already been evidence of a growing interest on the part of the police in aviation. No attempt has yet been made to eradicate that interest, yet if it is allowed to grow aviation will in future suffer seriously from the paralysing attentions of the most earth-minded creatures in existence. It always shocks me to notice how feeble is the defence advanced by the motoring organizations on behalf of their members against the police and the courts. It is to be hoped that the aviation organizations will be less weak. It is time now to assert for the aviator that right to justice which the murderer enjoys. It is time to urge that no pilot should be convicted of flying dangerously on the evidence of people who do not know anything about flying. Such people may honestly believe a person to be flying dangerously when in fact he is not so doing. In the first place, they are unable to judge height, and in the second place, they are unable to distinguish the manoeuvres of an aeroplane and may confuse a turn with a loop. Yet these people's evidence is being preferred in courts of law to the evidence of pilots and the occupants of the machine. The result is injustice. A pilot is accused of "stunting" when in fact he is making a few gentle turns; he is accused of flying low when he is 500 ft., immediately above which height are



MISS SHEILA PHIPPS-WAUGH AND MISS AMY JOHNSON

A heroine worshipper and her heroine just before Miss Amy Johnson left Paramatta for Melbourne. Miss Sheila Phipps-Waugh is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Phipps-Waugh. Miss Amy Johnson is due back in England shortly

the clouds. And no attention is paid to the pilot's defence. So far aviation has been singularly free from the gratuitous interference of the fat and the fatuous; but unless the most vigorous defence is put up every time an aviator is haled before the courts on the count of "dangerous" flying, or not having a licence or some other excuse, aviation will become one more plaything for the vigilant police. O.S.

F. King & Co.
CAPTAIN PERCIVAL

Who won the air race at Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's aerial garden party at Hanworth in his Hendy monoplane. Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest was actually first over the line, but was disqualified for failing to round one of the turning points

Who's Who in Herts

Lady de Trafford
and Her Children
at Newsells Park



LADY DE TRAFFORD WITH ANN,
MARY, VIOLET, AND CATHERINE



The garden at Newsells Park, Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's home in Hertfordshire, is a very pleasant one, and provides plenty of good playing places for their four little daughters, whose ages range from twelve to one and a bittuck. Lady de Trafford, who hunts and goes racing with enthusiasm, has a very attractive appearance and wears the nicest clothes. Sir Humphrey de Trafford used to ride frequently and with great success between the flags, but is now mainly concerned with flat-racing from an owner's standpoint. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club this year

Photographs by Miss Compton
Collier, West End Lane

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—It's all very well for everyone to say that there are no American or British visitors in Paris just now, but them-that-sez-it ought to have been about the city on the night of July 14-15. Crammed "cherry-bounces," personally conducted by megaphone artistes, were all over the place, to say nothing of pompous Daimlers and lots of cute Tiny Things with G.B. on them (the G.B. plate almost hiding the spare wheel), and taxis full of the most unmistakable citizens of God's Own Country. As for the *carrefour*, where the boulevards Montparnasse, Raspail, and Pasteur intersect and the Dome looks cock-eyed at the Rotonde, it needed a special squad of *sergents de ville* to divert the traffic (very diverting to owner-drivers I do not think) and send them all round the by-ways so that the merry-makers, dancing on the damp asphalt (of course it rained) to the yowls of the open-air bands, should not be interrupted in their *corps-à-corps*. Judging from what I know of the usual clientèle of the pubs afore-mentioned, the "Rah-Rah-Rah's" and other onomatopœia (it's alright, Mr. Proof Reader, I looked that one up in the dictionary) that rose above the general pandemonium I gather that this 100 per cent. talkie crowd was certainly an 80 per cent. American one. And very fine too. S'nice to have visitors when one's home town (which is how I think of Paris, and I hope Paris doesn't object) is looking its best, as it certainly does since Jaccopozzi has had the lighting of it on occasions of public rejoicing. The Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde and its surrounding buildings were bathed in a stream of silver light

that marvellously revealed every detail of moulding and architecture, and this year we had the surprise of finding the Invalides looking like a fairy palace designed by Maeterlinck . . . it had a most distinctly Kingdom-of-the-Future touch. Seen from the "other side of the river" across the Alexandre III bridge, from the Champs Élysées, it glimmered in a sapphire glow, strangely unreal and almost transparent against the stormy sky. Quite stirringly beautiful, 'twas!

HAVE you read Colette's little last 'un? "Sido." (Ferenzied.) It also is stirring and beautiful. Amazing how few words there are to label things with. Adequately, that is. Perhaps an apology is hardly necessary in this case. Colette's word-magic moves one so violently at times that it is like a physical shock. Certain sentences are as gorgeous as the sea on a summer's noon (not *this* kind of summer!) . . . or the stars of an autumn night . . . or the



Arip, Paris

MLLE. JANE AUBERT

The well-known actress, whose husband has obtained an injunction against her that she shall not appear on the stage in France. After a successful European tour she is sailing for New York, where she is to play the part that Delysia created in "Princess Charming" in London



SEÑORITA ARGENTINA

D'Ora, Paris

Spain's most famous dancer, who is to receive from France the honour of the Order of the Légion d'Honneur. Argentina is the first Spaniard of her profession to be thus honoured, but all Paris is certain that she deserves it

first time one hears the nightingale . . . or the scent of the syringa when one is twenty and in love. But don't expect Sido, despite the bill-poster-like quality of her name, to be the heroine of a musical-hall adventure like little Mitsou, who quite recently, I believe, has made her curtsy to you in an English translation. Sido is Colette's own mother (and greatly explains Colette, should Colette need explaining). I shall tell you nothing more than that, it will suffice.

WASN'T it last week that I told you about the party given by Jane Aubert before gallantly setting forth on her lonely theatrical tour? She was leaving next day for Geneva and Vienna since, thanks to her luvin' 'usband from Chicago, she is unable to earn her daily rusk in this country. He refuses to "allow" her to appear on the stage; French law and the decision of its courts give him this advantage, and since the divorce that Jane is trying to obtain is not yet pronounced she needs must knuckle under. She did think, however, she was safe outside France, but alas what an error of judgment. On arriving at Geneva to fulfil her engagement she found the manager of the establishment in which she was to appear tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth, but very firmly decided nevertheless to forgo his "star" rather than have his theatre closed by the lady's lorfle-spouse as her husband, strictly within his rights, worse luck, threatened to do. Personally I call it a nasty trick to prevent a gal—even one's own wife—from earning an honest penny. Mlle. Marie Dubas, another French star, was telephoned for to step into the breach, and obligingly made a rushed night journey to get there in time. Funny Folk the Swiss. I cannot imagine two utterly dissimilar *vedettes* than Jane Aubert and Mlle. Marie Dubas. The former is tall, slim, fair, and distinguished, and possesses a very sweet voice; the latter is short, sturdily built, dark as black currant jelly, and quite the most noisily *gavroche* young woman I have ever heard.

And now, my-dear, I must go and pack up my little bits and pieces; at the long last I am off to the Farm-on-the-Island. The holidays come later and later every year, and I was beginning to wonder if I should ever get away . . . even now I am dreading that I shall have to stay for the finals of the Davis Cup.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

On and Off the Screen



MISS JUNE COLLYER AND NERO AND A. N. OTHER



MISS BETTY BYRD



MISS DOROTHY MACKAILL AND MR. BASIL RATHBONE IN "FLIRTING WIDOWS," AND A FRIEND OF OURS

Beautiful June Collyer, who is number one in this little gallery, is now very busy playing in various Paramount Pictures, and was recently with Mr. Richard Dix in "The Love Doctor." Her real name is Dorothy Hermance, and she is the daughter of a well-known New York lawyer. Miss Betty Byrd is English, and has made a great reputation on the Continent. Her arms and legs have been described by French writers as "the very embodiment of beauty," and she has recently won the prize of £100 in a competition organized by Professor Friedrich Woyrsch, the well-known Viennese artist, who advertised for a portrait upon which to base a painting to be entitled "Sorrow." Miss Dorothy Mackaill and Mr. Basil Rathbone are both English, and are engrossed in "The Tatler," and this film, "Flirting Widows," opened at the Regal, Marble Arch, on July 19. "The Sea Bat," in which Miss Raquel Torres and Mr. Charles Bickford are, looks a bit sanguinary, and is said to be a really good thriller



MR. CHARLES BICKFORD AND MISS RAQUEL TORRES

EYE WITNESSES OF THE ECLIPSE



IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE: LORD AND LADY CHURCHILL, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND LORD FITZWILLIAM



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED AND LADY KNOX RETURNING FROM THE PADDOCK



LORD WESTMORLAND, LADY FURNESS, AND (right) CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD



LADY LINLITHGOW, THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, AND MISS CAVENDISH-BENTINCK



MISS ESMOND AND LADY ROSEBERY WELL PLACED ON THE RAILS

An enormous number of persons congregated at Sandown to see Rustom Pasha win the Eclipse Stakes for his lucky and popular owner, H.H. the Prince Aga Khan. The King and Queen motored down in time for luncheon, for which they entertained several guests in the diminutive Royal Pavilion, and in spite of unsettled weather conditions there was a good display of smart frocks. Lady Furness wore a short beige fur-trimmed coat with her beige crêpe de chine frock, Lady Linlithgow had selected navy blue as her colour scheme, and Lady Rosebery was in brightly-patterned chiffon. With her in the snapshot is Miss Esmond, the daughter of Mr. E. Esmond, whose Lovelace II, beaten a neck in the big race, is considered by some to be a good proposition for the Leger. The Duke of Portland had a horse running on the second day of the Sandown meeting, and several of Captain Boyd-Rochfort's charges were taking part. Major-General Sir Alfred Knox has been member for the Wycombe Division since 1924

AT THE IRISH GRAND PRIX



MRS. FOSTER AND THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET



LADY ASHLEY, CAPTAIN BIRKIN, THE HON. BRINSLEY AND MRS. PLUNKET



COMMANDER FITZROY AND THE HON. MRS. GUINNESS



MRS. OLIVER FITZROY



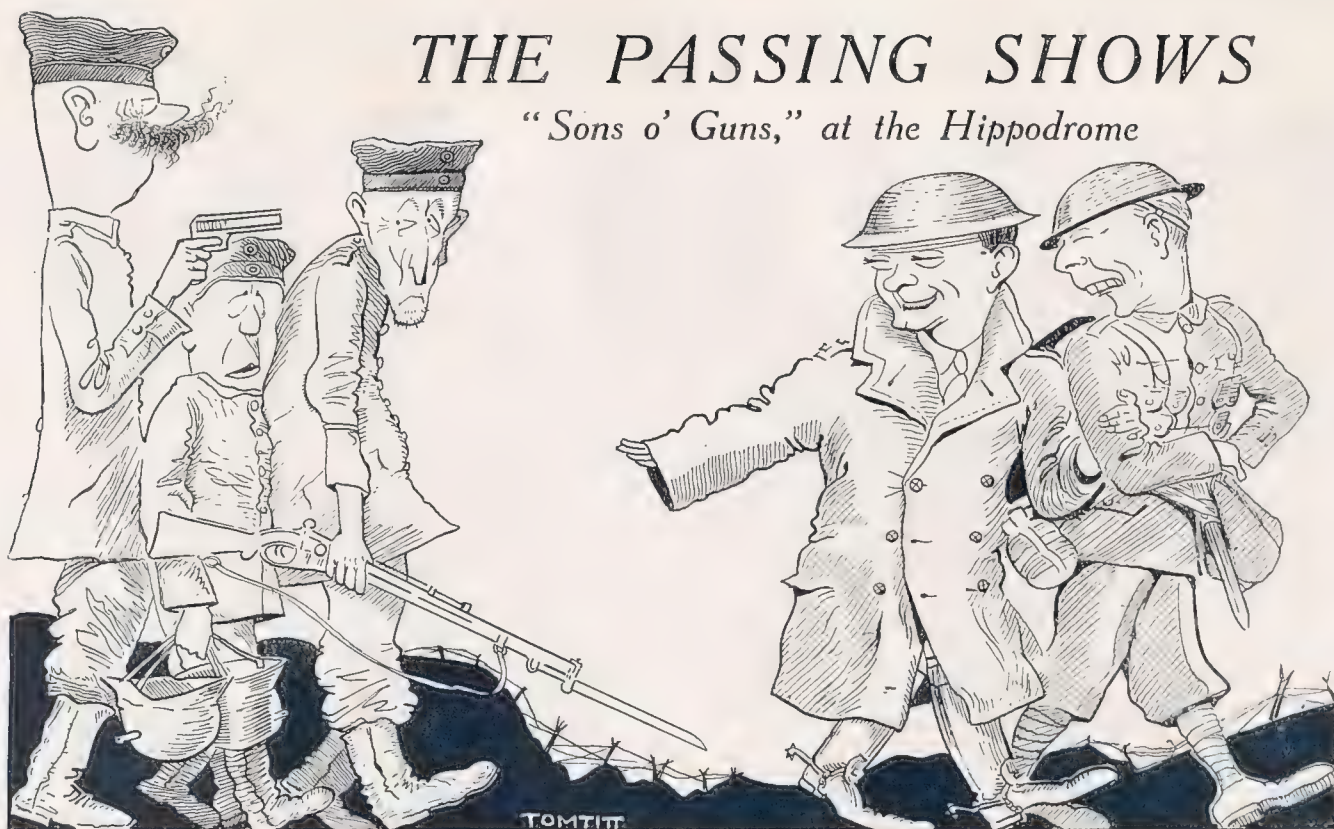
LADY MEATH AND LADY MERIEL BRABAZON

Ireland's second International Grand Prix meeting provided amazing examples of courage, speed, and super-skill for the 70,000 spectators gathered at the Phoenix Park course. These pictures were taken on the second day, when Herr Caracciola, driving a supercharged Mercedes-Benz, in a field of eighteen, won the race for sports touring-cars at an average speed of 85.88 m.p.h. for 300 miles. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, Lord Queenborough's daughter, entered a team of Bentleys, one of which was brilliantly driven by the redoubtable Captain H. R. S. Birkin, whose duel with the ultimate winner was as spectacular as the most captious onlooker could wish for. The Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness had a house party at Glenmaroon for the occasion, and among others staying with them were their daughter, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, and her husband, and Commander and Mrs. Oliver Fitzroy, the son and daughter-in-law of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Lady Meriel Brabazon is Lord and Lady Meath's younger daughter

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Sons o' Guns," at the Hippodrome



"WHERE YOU GO WE GO"

Awkward predicament of Private Jimmy Canfield (Mr. Bobby Howes) on returning from No Man's Land with three German prisoners. The captor, disguised for the nonce in a staff officer's uniform, falls in with a brother Tommy (Mr. Toni Sympson), and the pair decide to make tracks for Paris. The three prisoners insist on coming too, all efforts to persuade them to return to Germany proving in vain.

THE Americans, to their gain and credit, are not far behind the Ancient Greeks in the constant quest for "something new."

Musical comedy merchants on Broadway have made desperate efforts to find fresh pastures for their plots to graze in. College life, the prize ring, and of course prohibition, have lent their lighter sides to brighten the leisure hours of the tired business man. Even golf has done its bit, which is perhaps understandable in a land which gave birth to Bobby Jones. Over here, however, the opinion prevails that "'Ockey at the 'alt'" is one of those serio-comic affairs which is too comic to be taken seriously and too serious to be treated comically. Possibly the impression that some American golfers give of having stepped straight out of *Follo v Through* accounts for the difference in outlook. So many phases of American life appear to the superficial observer to bear the hall-mark of musical comedy. To this impertinent observation the obvious retort is to place more than one British institution—the weather and cricket for instance—in the same category as Ibsen.

Sons o' Guns, by three authors and three composers, definitely suggests that the arrangements for the next war must be handed over to Hollywood by the League of Nations, Inc. Think what a wonderful job this spiritual home of Romance would have made of the third Test Match! Hobbs and Sutcliffe, in the glare of two

million candle-power sunshine against which there was no appeal, being skittled out by Ronald Colman (slow medium) and Douglas Fairbanks (fast right), while Greta Garbo vamped the scorer in his box and a beauty chorus of 250 tripped out from the pavilion at irregular intervals with a new ball apiece.

As a background for theme-songs and wise-cracks, legs and lingerie, the epic of the Western Front hardly calls aloud for the attentions of the dance-producer and the maestros of subdued syncopation. *Sons o' Guns*, taken in the lump, manages to skim pretty harmlessly over delicate ground. The "Hollywood touch" and the wistful charm of Mr. Bobby Howes between them unite to keep matters in a reasonable perspective, as far as any perspective can be reasonable which detects in Armageddon any loophole for jazz. This was originally an American entertainment, and about these things there is a certain inevitability. *Sons o' Guns* has its spasms of superb banality, but it does, at any rate, provide a fresh and invigorating *mis en scène*.

Until half-time the story is crisp and good. Amid surroundings of rustic splendour, identified as Jimmy Canfield's private golf-course in Devonshire, we behold the painful spectacle of Mr. Bobby Howes, surrounded by three flunkies and the usual bevy of beauty, not forgetting Mr. Robert Hale (his valet), politely declining to take the King's shilling. This annoys his fiancée (Miss Jill Patson) and her father, the General (Mr. Robert English), but causes infinite relish to a sinister officer in the R.A.M.C. (Mr. Noel Dainton). Mr. Howes, proving flippantly obdurate, is left alone by maidens and military to practise iron shots in solitary glory.



BILL AND COO—A BEDROOM SCENE

Yvonne, the innkeeper's daughter (Miss Mireille Perrey), and the English Tommy (Mr. Bobby Howes) fall in love at sight. Yvonne gives Jimmy a bedroom in the inn, and a very charming and sentimental scene results. The hamper under the bed contains the pigeons which Jimmy innocently releases. He is then arrested as a spy

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THE LAWN IMMACULATE!

"Wagstaffe, fetch the barrow—a lady has dropped some ash!"

By P. Bellew

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P.A.756



THE GOULBURN (AUSTRALIA) POLO TEAM

By L. F. Bauer

The wonderful combination of the four brothers, Mr. P. S. K. Ashton, Mr. G. G. Ashton, Mr. J. H. Ashton, and Mr. R. R. Ashton, has opened England's eyes to the class of polo they play in Australia. This team's Whitney Cup and other successes are nothing to what it did by going into the final for the Championship and only getting beaten 9 to 7 by the redoubtable Hurricanes, Mr. Laddie Sanford's team, with two English International choices in it. The ball was over Goulburn's back line seventeen times and over the Hurricanes' sixteen, which is a story which rather tells itself. The Goulburn team goes out to America, but may not stay long enough to be able to go for the American Open Championship.



THE GREAT JUBILEE YACHT RACE

In the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee a great race round the United Kingdom was organized. Large vessels (large, that is, for the period) started from Southend accompanied by the steamships. Thousands from the decks of a vast fleet of excursion steamers. The finish at Dover was less

*Drawn by Frank H. Mason R.B.A.*

RACE—A Memory of Over Forty Years Ago

ingdom was organized for yachts. It excited the greatest popular interest, and a dozen
panied by the steamers, "Norham Castle" and "Athenian." The start was witnessed by
at Dover was less spectacular, and the race was won by the famous cutter, "Genesta"

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AND
ABDULLA

ABDULLA

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Once you went veiled—as befitted divine Princesses,
Whose fabulous Beauty blinded a mortal man ;
You walked by the Palace Fountains in golden dresses
And slave-girls shielded your face with a sacred fan.

Now you return to an Age grown careless and glaring
And your loveliness dwells enshrined in my secret heart ;
The stir of your brilliant fan sets the bold world staring,
But Abdulla's Incense shall wrap you in veils—apart.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

ENGINE No. 1437

By
Noel Copping.

THE "mixed" provides a bi-weekly service on the Frog Lake Branch. Folks in those parts call it the "Dry Belt, Limited." The schedule is certainly not a difficult one to maintain. Halts of an hour are made at nearly every siding. Ravenscliffe is generally reached about noon, and accepting the invitation of Bob Henderson, the conductor, one day, I followed him out of the caboose, along the wide dusty trail, to where a sign hung outside a square white building indicating the Good Eats Café. We perched up on high stools in front of the long counter.

"That's Maisie Dexter," Bob said in an undertone, pointing his thumb at the back of the tall silent girl who had just served us with soup, and who was now attending to the needs of the engine crew at the other end of the room.

"Maisie Dexter?"

"Yes, Danny Dexter's widow."

"Dannie who was freight engineer?"

"The same."

I studied the girl intently as she deftly but so mechanically waited on her customers. She was dressed neatly but so very plainly, with not a sign of colour or adornment about her clothes. Her face was pale, very pale, in a frame of henna hair; her eyes, though clear, contained not a spark of animation. They seemed to look away into nothing. Her little mouth was grim and set, and the prettiness of her features marred by an habitually severe expression. She looked as though she had not smiled for a long time.

"She appears to have a grievance with all the world," I remarked.

"Maybe she has," mused Bob as he thoughtfully picked his teeth.

"Wasn't there some mystery connecting Dexter with Ned Fraser's accident last fall? Some talk about an apparition?"

"Yes, Jim, there was considerable talk along those lines."

Bob paid the bill, we strolled back to the caboose, and lolling in chairs before the open door, he told me the story.

"You see, Danny Dexter and Ned Fraser were both engineers on the same run—Redclay to Prairie City. They were both in love with the same girl—this same Maisie. Maisie Robson she was then, and as pretty a little piece of goods as you'd hope to meet in a year's travel. Just bubbling over with vim, and out for a good time. She was hash slinging in the Railroad Restaurant at Redclay, and she sure kept those two hogheads keyed up all the time—playing off one against the other. She had 'em both right under her little finger. In the end she married Danny.

"Ned had known them both since school days. He had always been the leader in everything, and he never thought Danny would beat him to it. He took things kind of hard at first, but after a while he seemed more reconciled, and he made a habit of dropping in on them for a friendly call. Sometimes



"We could see he wouldn't
last long"

when Danny was out on the run Ned would call for Maisie and take her to a show or for a run in his car. There appeared to be no harm in this, generally one of the other girls was along too. Danny, he knew about it, and he didn't raise any objections. He wanted Maisie to have a good time.

"When little Daisy was born Danny was tickled all to bust. His whole life seemed taken up with the kid. He'd stay in minding her at nights while Maisie went off with Ned and the girls to a dance. Danny had bought a little house out on the edge of the town alongside the track, and as the child grew up and was able to toddle around, he used to wave to her and ring the engine bell as he went by with his train. It was a hard time for him—for both of them, I guess—when the child was taken sick. Danny got thin as a rail through worry and loss of sleep, watching by her bedside night after night. For a long time she hovered between life and death, but he got the best doctors, and they managed to pull her through. But little Daisy was never the same, the sickness left her deaf. Danny was even more devoted to her than ever. He still waved as he rode past, but he did not ring the bell; she could not hear it.

"Ned, he still used to come around, and he seemed to be taking Maisie out more than ever. In fact folks got to talking about it. Danny it appears remarked to Maisie about this, but she just snapped him up. Said she was entitled to a good time, and was going to have it. So Danny didn't say any more.

"Then came the evening when he was bringing a fast freight into Redclay. A hot box or something had caused a long delay, and Danny was pushing along so as to get into the siding and give the passenger train behind him a clear track.

"Just east of Redclay the railroad takes a sharp curve through a deep cutting and swings out sudden on to a long down grade before reaching the level stretch into town. Danny was losing no time swerving round that curve. As he straightened out on the tangent the beam of his headlight showed up on something white fluttering about right between the rails. He couldn't distinguish what it was—a sheet of newspaper, a strip of cloth, a stray calf. But he was travelling close to a mile a minute, and soon he saw that it was a child walking the tracks. It was his own little girl! It was Daisy! She was toddling along

(Continued on p. 232)

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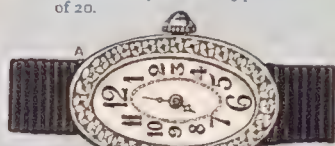
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LADY HARTINGTON



LADY TITCHFIELD



LORD CRANBORNE



CAPTAIN H. MACMILLAN



MISS TENNANT

As the Twelfth approaches the advance guard of the "shock troops" moves up into position in the North, and all those in this page were at the famous Gleneagles Hotel links waiting for the well-known sound, "the crack of the rifle" at the grouse bird! The Marquess of Titchfield was in the Blues, and went to the Reserve, and is now a major in the Notts Yeomanry. Lady Titchfield was the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, and is a daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox. Lady Colquhoun, who is with Lady Titchfield, is the wife of Sir Iain Colquhoun, Bart. Lady Hartington is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Salisbury, and married the Duke of Devonshire's heir in 1917. Captain Harold Macmillan is a brother-in-law of Lord Hartington, and married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, to whom he became engaged when that regular wave of matrimony swept over the Duke of Devonshire's staff during the time when His Grace was Governor-General of Canada.

"TRAILING" ITS PROS AND CONS

By Daphne Weymouth



LADY WEYMOUTH AND HER DAUGHTER
CAROLINE

The authoress of this interesting article was the Hon. Daphne Vivian before her marriage in 1927 to the Marquess of Bath's only son, Lord Weymouth. The little girl in the picture, the Hon. Caroline Thynne, was born in 1928, and a son and heir was born last year.

When we bought a caravan on the hire-purchase system, the whole world told us we were mad. In fact, after all the disadvantages had been put to us by solicitous friends, we started off somewhat tentatively on our first expedition.

However, we proved that, as far as we are concerned, the pro's for caravanning definitely

outweigh the con's. Altogether, it is thoroughly amusing.

Our caravan is of the trailer variety. These, new and sumptuously fitted out, can be bought for £85. Ours, being second-hand, cost considerably less. A trailer caravan has an attachment which fits on behind your car. A warning notice inside informs you that it is unwise to go faster than 30 m.p.h., but we found that 40 m.p.h., on a good road, is quite safe. But don't be in too great a hurry with your trailer; it is disastrous to shoot past your turning, because the one impossibility is to back. You may have to go twenty miles in the opposite direction before you get back on to your road, as unscrewing the trailer and pointing it round in the right direction is an arduous task.

One has to learn by one's own mistakes. We made several on our first expeditions. We elected to park our caravan on the very top of Beachy Head. The weather was lovely at first, but we spent an alarming night, as a storm of considerable violence arose. With each gust I thought the caravan must be hurled over the cliffs. We were buffeted by every wind of the heavens, the frail little caravan shaking before the mighty blasts. In the grey light of dawn we moved to a safer and more sheltered place.

After this experience we decided that in future we must always choose a protected spot. The next time out we went to the New Forest. This proved even worse, as we were descended upon by swarms of cannibal midges, which literally devoured us to the point of frenzy. I have never met anything like it. The only thing to do was to sit in the smoke of a huge bonfire, steeling one's self to the pain of smoke-filled eyes rather than face the maddening torment of those demon midges. Next morning our faces and legs looked like those spotted-dick plum puddings! It is far more convenient to camp near a stream, as fetching water long distances is a very boring job. This we also learnt on our Beachy Head expedition. The nearest place where water could be procured was at an isolated inn, whose proprietor was very angry to find people sleeping under the skies rather than patronizing his hotel and then adding insult to injury by asking him for water, which he consequently refused us abruptly.

Another thing we learnt was never to carry butter loose in the caravan in hot weather. We had placed it on a plate on one of the shelves. When we

came to unpack, we opened the door to find the whole caravan swimming in butter. It had dripped from the shelves on to the beds below, where it lay in horrible greasy pools, and everything we touched was sticky with melted butter.

On the same day another tragedy occurred amongst the stores. We were carrying some bottles of stout which, becoming impetuous with the jolting and heat, had blown off their corks! What with stout and pools of butter decorating the premises it was a horrible sight! We do all our cooking on two Primus stoves. When I say "all our cooking," perhaps that sounds rather too extensive, because we only attempt the simplest of foods, generally the fried variety. Eggs, sausages, and bacon form our staple foods, whilst Heinz spaghetti and baked beans

are gloriously simple things to cook. You simply warm up the tins in boiling water. Washing up has to be studied. We try to eat food which will not make the washer-up's task too unpleasant. For lunch we always have a delicious meal of bread and cheese and beer, which simplifies life both for cook and washer-up and gives time for a midday siesta.

Part of the fun of caravanning is to take plenty of dogs with you, that is if you happen to be a dog-lover. Let me advise you against taking the neurotic and temperamental type of dog — the kind that sees "ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggety beasties" in the dark. We took one who barked furiously at each quiver of the grass blown by night breezes. If a rabbit rustled through a bramble bush it growled with bristling hackles. This did not make for a peaceful night's rest. In the end the dog got a boot thrown at it, but unfortunately the aim of the thrower was inaccurate, and the boot missed the dog but hit me! Once one begins listening for weird, outdoor night noises they can be very alarming to the unaccustomed ear. For the caravanning wardrobe the fewer clothes the better. We sometimes take an umbrella tent and two collapsible beds, which enables us to take two more people. We find it more amusing to stop where and when the spirit moves us. Perhaps this isn't altogether advisable, as it often leads one to trespass, but that in itself makes for some excitement in the way of pacifying, or fleeing before angry landowners.



LADY WEYMOUTH AND SOME OF
THE CARAVAN ESCORT



LORD WEYMOUTH AND A JOB OF WORK

On the whole, my advice is to apply for permission to rest your caravan on other people's property. English farmers as a whole are very amenable. If you crave for a bath, you can always pop off in your car to the nearest hotel or pub. This is the chief advantage of the trailer caravan over the motor caravan. With the motor caravan, wherever you go, you have to take your house with you, whereas with the trailer caravan you can go off in your car and be entirely independent. There are all sorts of expeditions which I am longing to make—Ireland for one; Germany another.



Bertram Park, Dover Street

THE VISCOUNTESS CRANBORNE

Whose husband is the Marquess of Salisbury's son and heir, was married in 1915, and was then Miss Elizabeth Cavendish. Lady Cranborne is the daughter of Lord and Lady Richard Cavendish, and thus a niece of the Duke of Devonshire. One of Lady Cranborne's sisters is Lady Balmiel, the wife of Lord Balmiel, the Earl of Crawford's son and heir. Lord Cranborne was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and served during the War, 1915-18

Bubble and Squeak

AN excellent story is told of an Irishman, a Scotsman, and a Jew who were dining together. After an excellent meal there was the usual pause, and no suggestion about settling, although the waiter was hovering around. At last the Irishman's voice was heard saying, "Bedad, who's to pay the bill?" There was another pause, and at last the Scotsman was heard to say, "Hoots, mon, I will pay the bill." The Jew did not make any remark, and the Scotsman paid the bill, much to the surprise of the waiter. Next morning the Irishman was surprised to find a head-line in the paper which read, "Murder of a Jew Ventriloquist!"

Jones was in great difficulties; he was trying to make the French waiter understand his French. "Voulez vous —" he began for the tenth time, while the waiter looked round in despair. At last a tourist at another table came up and said: "If I may assist you, sir —"

Jones, however, swelling with importance, waved him haughtily aside: "Kindly allow me to use my own French," he snapped.

"By all means," answered the tourist blandly. "But I wish to point out that you are asking for a staircase when all you require is a spoon."

A tourist in Ireland stopped his car at a hotel for the purpose of having a drink, and he proposed to the carman that he should have one also. The carman agreed willingly, naturally.

"What will you have, Pat?"

"Faith! phwat's yer anner goin' to take?"

"Well, I think I shall have a Chartreuse."

"And phwat's that?"

"It's a warming drink brewed by the monks, and they sell it for the benefit of the poor."

"Indade sor! Oi'll take the same, too,"

The Chartreuse was brought in liqueur glasses. Pat, having emptied his glass and felt the comforting effect, raised his eyes piously and remarked with unction, "May the blessing uv Hivven rist on the howly min that brewed this drink!" Then, raising the empty little glass with an expression of scornful indignation on his face he added: "And the devil take the blayguard that invinted the glass!"



MISS KITTY GORDON IN LONG ISLAND

In private life the charming actress is the Hon. Mrs. Henry Horsley-Beresford, and is the widow of Lord and Lady Decies' third son, who died in 1924



MADAME GALLI-CURCI AND HER HUSBAND, MR. HOMER SAMUELS

A sunny snapshot of the world-famous operatic soprano at Atlantic City, New Jersey. It is said that Madame Galli-Curci swims almost, but not quite, as well as she sings, but that is enough to be going on with anyhow

The shady collector was showing his antiques to a man who knew him pretty well, and he said: "I have serious thoughts of disposing of all these valuable curios. But how much do you think I shall get for them?"

"I can't quite say," replied the other; "but I should think about three years."

A young actor was endeavouring to impress an older member of the same profession. "I'm taking up French, you know," he drawled, "studying Molière's plays."

"A very sound idea, my boy," said the veteran, "but you really ought to have begun with English."

No, certainly not," said a lady to a tramp who had knocked at the door and begged for food. "Go away at once or I'll call my husband." "E ain't at 'ome," said the tramp. "How do you know that?" asked the lady, "'Cos a man what marries a woman like you is only at 'ome at meal times."

Said the father to the son, "I've been thinking of retiring next year, and I propose to leave my business to you to carry on." Said the son to the father, "There's no hurry, is there father? You go ahead and work a few more years and then we can both retire together."

A Welshman was playing a golf match in which he was getting the worst of it. He was obviously chagrined, but kept his temper. However, when at last his opponent badly sliced a tee shot he exclaimed, "Ah, I'm afraid you're in the bunker, I hope."

Pardon our mentioning price



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AT BROCKENHURST: MR. AND MRS. PITMAN

At the Brockenhurst, Hants, Lawn Tennis Week. Mrs. Pitman will be better remembered in the lawn tennis world as Miss Elsie Goldsack, a strong advocate of the stockingless mode for tennis

obtain on the North-West Frontier of India, where the enclosures, the course, and the surrounding landscape have to be picketed? Here is an entertaining extract from Brigade Orders at a charming spot called Razmak.

"Duties of the Reserve Coy.

"(b) No Ranks of the Reserve Coy. will leave the lines without permission from the Coy. Commander.

"9. Additional on days when Race Meetings are held:

"One sub-section of Armoured Cars will rendez-vous at Rifleman Tower (clear of the Racecourse) half an hour before the meeting opens. In case of disturbance they will be prepared to operate in the vicinity of the Kabutar, or Black Rocks, on receipt of orders from Brigade H. Qrs.

"One platoon of the 'Stand-To' Coy. of the Duty Battalion will occupy Brown Pimple half an hour before the meeting opens.

"Remainder of the 'Stand-To' Coy. will rendez-vous immediately north of the paddock (near the enclosures) half an hour before the meeting opens, with their arms and 100 rounds S.A.A. per man. Lewis guns will carry their full complement of magazines. L.G. mules will be off-loaded on arrival.

"The Coy. Commander will report the arrival of his Coy. to the Brigade-Major at the weighing-in enclosure."

It is not quite so comfortable as Sandown or Goodwood is it?

I understand that the local inhabitants—Wazirs and Mahsuds—have so far not interfered with the racing, but safety precautions have to be observed. At one meeting races for both Wazirs and Mahsuds were arranged, but the tribe whose race was fixed second left in disgust, considering themselves slighted.

* * *

Once upon a time some chaps I used to know were playing pat-ball at the courts in the lines at a spot called Bannu, also on the edge of the territory of the Wild Men, and they had their "guns" placed on their sweaters on the benches near the courts so that they could see them quickly. Somehow or other a gentleman called a *Ghazi*—an expert swordsman gone religious

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

We sometimes find people grouching about the race-course amenities, or the lack of them in this country, but I wonder how some of us would like racing under conditions which

mad and sworn to kill an Unbeliever, or several, and thus secure a first-class ticket to Paradise—managed to get through the line of sentries and came waltzing towards my friends, calling on Allah to witness the good work he was about to perform by littering the ground with at least four infidel heads. One round missed him, another got him but did not stop him, and it looked about 10 to 1 on his getting in and doing as he said. Luckily one of my pals had played Rugger for the Army, and before Shaitan Mahomed had time to get really busy, collared him low and brought him down good and hard. Someone else then gave him a little tap on the head to keep him quiet, and he was tied up and removed to the main guard. But it was rather a close thing and only shows that people ought to be very careful about the kind of ammunition they use. A gentleman full of *blang* and religious fervour laughs at the little hole the service ammunition makes unless it gets him through the head, and so something more effective is always desirable.

* * *

Another little picture from that pathetically contented place, India, also reaches me this week, as a cove I know writes: "Things much the same here. Had trouble in H— twenty-five miles away; population 30,000. A Sikh who had just come out of prison committed the trifling irregularity of murdering seven people in one afternoon—four women and three men (he presumably having been the odd one of the eightsome). It was nothing to do with politics but connected with a much older recreation. I spent most of last week in the hills inspecting. Came



Arthur Owen

LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY AND LADY BLANDFORD

At Lady Blandford's cocktail party at her house in Hill Street, which she gave in connection with last week's aerial meet and rally at Hanworth. Lady Blandford was formerly the Hon. Alexandra Cadogan and married the Duke of Marlborough's son and heir in 1920

down from D—in a rainstorm. Have seldom been so frightened, in fact not since the War; the road so slippery we skidded round every corner, a ghastly khud (precipice) gaping at one all the time. A lorry containing Indian cooks of the Blankshires went over the other day 500 feet, only five killed; and another car went over whole five in it killed."

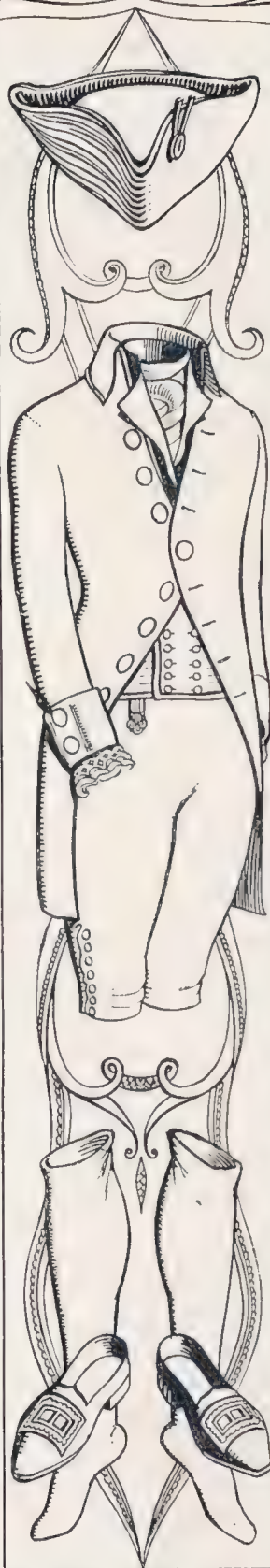


Arthur Owen

LADY EBBISHAM AND HER DAUGHTER, THE HON. ELIZABETH BLADES

Who were also at Lady Blandford's cocktail party last week. The Hon. Elizabeth Blades is one of Lord and Lady Ebbisham's twin daughters. He will be better remembered as the very popular Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rowland Blades

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JUDGING AT THE COUNTY POLO SHOW AT RANELAGH

The County Polo Pony Association Show at Ranelagh was one of the few outdoor fixtures last week with which rain did not interfere. All the judges are very well-known people, and the names in this group, left to right, are: Colonel P. K. Wise, Mr. Tresham-Gilbey, Colonel Mathew-Lannowe, Major Mason, and Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Lockett

BEFORE proceeding to try to write up the diary of events, especially this further rather perplexing form of our Internationals down Wiltshire way, I must plead guilty to a bloomer à propos the Bays and Mr. Atty Persse. The W. H. Persse, who was in two of their winning inter-regimental teams, was his cousin. My fault entirely for conferring an honour on the master of Stockbridge which he never earned. In another matter concerning the 17/21 v. Bays match of 1928 I am not proposing to climb down. I am told that the Bays have never forgiven me for saying that at that time the 17/21 ought not to have had any difficulty in disposing of them. What exactly were the odds on it "on the book"? There are many horses we believe ought to win by the length of the straight but which only scramble home by a short head. The people outside the stable could not possibly know that the runner-up had come on a stone or thereabouts. I say that I was right on the book in 1928, and do not propose to alter my opinion. Apparently sometimes an expression of honest opinion is misunderstood and believed to be actuated by some personal motive. Some people do this sort of thing; I don't, and that is all that there is to it. However, hard words never yet have broken any bones. I maintain, and shall continue to do so, that there was nothing to indicate on that Queen's Bays v. 16/5 Lancers' semi-final 8 to 5 win that the winners would go as close as they did in the final v. 17/21 Lancers, 7 to 6. The 16/5 Lancers had had a very easy job to beat the 3/6 D.G.'s 8 to 4 at Tidworth, and the 17/21 Lancers had knocked out the Gunners 8 to 4 in their semi-final. I leave it to anyone to say whether on the book it did or did not look almost any kind of odds on the 17/21 in the final v. the Bays. That the Bays pulled out that amazing bit of stuff and had the other chaps rolling properly for the first four chukkers; as I think it is fair to say, and then came with that Chifney rush at the finish, is just one of those things which happen and which no one outside the stable can foresee. It was the best Inter-Regimental final I think I have ever seen, and the Bays had exactly the same team as they had in 1930 and the 17/21 very much the same, bar that Mr. H. W. Forester and Major D. C. Boles were in it instead of, as in 1930, Mr. Walford and Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Lockett. And in 1930 the 17/21 won by 8 to 1. If I had said this year that the 17/21 might have to go for their lives to win I should have been quite justified, on the principle that you must never disregard anyone's best form. Yet on form, outside the Inter-Regimental ties this year it was quite impossible to believe that anything could beat the 17/21 Lancers; but strictly on the book I think we were entitled to think that the Bays would go a lot closer than they did. There is a good old saying where racing is concerned, and it applies to almost all mundane affairs, that "you can't come without the bloomin' 'orse." The pony has 75 per cent. of the last word other things being equal. After all this I hope the Bays are going to try hard to forgive me my "cruel" words of

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

1928 and believe that I hope they are going to win next year. A bit rash, perhaps, so long ahead, but I tip them to do it right here and now.

We have now arrived at the end of all the International trial matches of our team before it goes to America, and there being insufficient space in this week's notes I propose to hold over a short synopsis of what has been happening until a more opportune moment; also the American first trial has to be dealt with in "our next." I think it may enable the general public interested in polo to get the short story of things and aid it to follow what is now about to happen in America before our people go into action v. America on September 9 at Meadowbrook for that International (Westchester) Cup which America has held ever since 1914. At the moment, however, all that I propose to do is to make a short reference to the 9th Trial match, which, like the 8th, was played at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club's excellent grounds at Norton, Wilts. In the 8th game England, with Captain George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. L. L. Lacey (back) scraped home against a 24-goal side (Bridge House) by 5 to 3, and I ventured to suggest that that

form was far too poor to be true. In the 9th game they tried another formation, Mr. Aidan Roark (1), Captain C. T. I. Roark (2), Mr. H. P. Guinness (3), and Mr. L. L. Lacey (back) against The Rest, a strong team made up like this: Captain R. George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), and Major E. G. Atkinson (back). The Rest took tea with England to the tune of 8 to 3, which is not a defeat but a rout. So in the last game, the 10th Trial, also at Norton, Captain Tremayne re-sorted things at once and put this team up against the first-class regimental side, the 17/21 Lancers: Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. L. L. Lacey (back). Unfortunately I cannot hold these notes till I get that result; but whatever happens I do not think we should let it—or what happened in the 8th and 9th Trials—worry us, for these are merely games to keep our team in wind. We have a really good general directing operations in Captain Tremayne, and I say leave it to him. He has all the information he needs, he has a superbly level head, and he knows perfectly well what is the strength of the enemy.



MRS. V. N. LOCKETT AND CAPTAIN R. W. VERELST

At the County Polo Pony Association Show at Ranelagh last week, where Captain R. W. Verelst, who is in the 11th Hussars Regimental team, won two cups

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Arthur Owen

AT LYMINGTON: MISS COVENTRY AND MR. W. D. FAIR

At the recent Lymington Yacht Club Regatta. Mr. Fair is the Commodore of the Tamesis Yacht Club, Teddington, and is the maker of the engine in this boat in the picture

Beaucoup de Sport.

THE big motoring events of the United Kingdom, or, to be more exact, of the British Isles, have come and gone, and the position is, as between ourselves and the Continent, about "all square," with, if anything, a little bit in our favour. This is something of which our home industry can justifiably be proud, for our esteemed friends from across the Channel delivered a very determined counter-attack by way of a reply to our very effective establishment in the Le Mans Twenty-four Hours' Race. That was one to us—and a Big (Bentley) one too. The Shelsley-Walsh hill-climb we lost to Von Stuck on the Austro-Daimler, who put up a truly amazing performance (for this gradient with its twists and narrowness handicaps a big) in which he set up a new record. Shelsley is one of the ten hill-climbs upon which the European Mountain Championship is being strenuously fought out, the leaders being Von Stuck for Austria and Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz) for Germany. The next event, the small-car Irish Grand Prix, went to the Riley of Mr. Victor Gillow, and I do not suppose there has ever been a more popular victory. Alfa-Romeos finished three cars in the first half-dozen, but Austins were third and fifth, giving Britain a distinct advantage. In the big car Grand Prix Caracciola scored a triumph, whilst two other Mercedes-Benz (driven respectively by Earl Howe and Captain Malcolm Campbell) were third and fifth. Birkin's Bentley had no luck, and the best he could do was fourth; Campari (Alfa-Romeo) took second place. All these "big-fellows" were supercharged, and therefore I think that a great deal of credit should be given to the non-supercharged Talbots, which, running extraordinarily consistently, came in sixth, seventh, and eighth. There is a moral victory in that, especially if you take it in conjunction with the fact that one of the same team won the eliminating race of the Biennial Rudge-Whitworth Cup. So I think we can fairly claim the right to be proud of what British cars have done this season, for they have splendidly distinguished themselves both at home and abroad.

"P.-B." Again.

In unofficial "records" I do not pretend to take much stock, but there are some the special circumstances of which justify attention. Such is Noel Pemberton-Billing's trip across the continent of North America—New York to Los Angeles—on a British light car. I imagine it to be the first to have ever taken part in this particular joy-ride (?), for I cannot remember ever before to have heard of the job being tackled with anything else but the native product.¹ However here is P.-B.'s own cable to Mr. Victor Riley. The former has always indulged the habit of speaking for himself, and on this occasion I don't see how I could improve upon his version. "Have just completed timed non-stop run New York to Los Angeles on my Riley Nine Brooklands model. Covered 3,000 miles on first-class roads and over 1,200 miles of rock-strewn

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

mud-tracks, negotiating over 260 cities and towns, encountering cloud-burst in Rockies, unprecedented heat-waves with temperature rising to 130 in the shade, in five days twenty hours thirteen minutes, averaging a speed, after deducting time lost through enforced delays occasioned by speed-cops, punctures, enforced detours, and misdirection, of 41 m.p.h. Car behaved magnificently, and despite this gruelling experience completed last 130 miles in 120 minutes. All here fascinated by its appearance and amazed by its performance." A very fine effort I warrant you, my masters, and none the worse for having that character of distinct unusuality that P.-B. confers upon everything he touches. One thing I would dearly have loved to see, and that is friend Noel gathered in by a speed cop. He is by way of being what Kipling calls a "cosmopolite," and there are few countries in which he has not picked up a selection of expressions of subcutaneous opprobrium. They are not violently abusive, but they are skilfully applied, and they have the adhesiveness of a mustard-plaster. Oh, you can bet that Noel Pemberton-Billing has well upheld the honour of the English in more ways than one.

The A.A.

What a wonderful thing is our Automobile Association—with-out doubt the finest thing of its kind in the world. It started in a single room in Fleet Street just five-and-twenty years ago with a handful of members who were, very properly, fed up with police-trapping. (Imagine it! traps have been working for a quarter of a century and are still going strong!) Now it has a magnificent great building of its own in Coventry Street, where an enormous staff handle over 4,000,000 items of correspondence every year. There are just about 431,000 members, and the millionth badge has just been issued. The Touring Department—one of the most valuable aspects of the A.A.'s work—deals with over 2,000 applications for recommended routes every working day. Recently, by the way, a scheme of family membership has been instituted whereby the immediate family of an existing subscriber can join without entrance fee. In two months 4,500 have been registered under this. At the luncheon following the annual meeting Mr. Stenson Cooke, the first and only secretary the A.A. has ever had, was presented by members of the Motoring Press with a portrait of his wife to mark the occasion of his completing twenty-five years of service. And well and truly deserved the tribute was, for even though he be happily still alive and kicking as effectively as ever, Stenson Cooke's splendid work offers an instance of when you can properly apply the tag *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Let us, by the way, be duly thankful, that with regard to the pains and penalties to which motorists are to be subjected under the terms of the Road Traffic Bill there is a proviso that the motoring organizations are to be consulted.



Arthur Owen

ANOTHER LYMINGTON Y.C. GROUP

Major Cyril Potter, the Commodore of the Lymington Yacht Club, Mr. Weld, Mr. Armistead, and others leaving the landing-stage. Major Potter is also a member of "The Squadron," the Solent Y.C., and the Royal Victoria, and also a member of H.M. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Good manners . .



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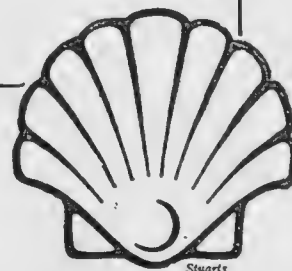
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We should be glad if you are able to help our propaganda by giving this letter publicity.

I am, sirs,

Your obedient servant,

Joseph Williams
PRESIDENT.





Miss Judith Fowler, who was at the top of her form at the Harrogate Open Meeting. Her series of successes are chronicled on this page

the other day, when Miss Judith Fowler and Miss Isobel Worsley got round that well-bunkered course at Starbeck, which has a par of 76 in 73 gross. Twice in the round they were actually four under fours, a state of exalted eminence usually connected only with such names as Bobby Jones or Miss Wethered, not mere human golfers, however good. The following was the start of the round, for many folk sandwich in rounds at Harrogate between sips of the cure, and the figures will give such golfers something to think about. Especially when one knows that the course was heavy after excessive rain the night before and that there was a strong wind blowing. The card read 4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 4, 6, 5, 3 = 34 out 4, 4, 2. Then came some few mistakes, such a pace was too hot to last, and at the 18th they actually went out of bounds, an affair of stroke and distance. But all the same 73-3=70. It was amazing, and the other members of the county team who returned 78½ net and thought they had done so nicely may well have felt flabbergasted at their rout. These were Miss Rudgard and Miss Leetham, who were round in 80, and Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Downes who were 81.

It is presumably all wrong to start with the afternoon of an all-day meeting, but that foursome return justifies anything. The morning ones were good enough, though, considering the conditions, and if it were not for that 73 there would be every temptation to grow lyrical over the 78 from Miss Judith Fowler and the 79 from Miss Rudgard which headed the scratch list. It was, in fact, one long, happy day out for Miss Fowler, for with her 78-3=75 she won the handicap prize as well as the scratch, and there were also scratch as well as handicap prizes for the foursomes, both of course won by her and Miss Worsley.

Second place in the handicap list in the first division went to Miss Jessie Firth of Formby, after a tie with Mrs. Warren Kaye of Harrogate; and in the second division Mrs. White and Mrs. Paisley won with 75 and 76 net. There was a record entry, and in fact this year's open meeting, like many another at Harrogate, was a very brilliant affair indeed.

The course was the scene a day or two earlier of a deadly encounter between Yorkshire II and Lancashire II, both teams bristling in the most approved fashion with young players. Yorkshire lost by the odd match in the morning, but won five to

EVE at GOLF . By ELEANOR E. HELME

Who has said that ladies cannot play foursomes? Certainly not I, but if the gentleman or lady who did say it would kindly step forward . . .

In other words, let the scoffers just consider the winning return in the medal foursomes at the Harrogate Open Meeting

two in the afternoon, losing those two at the 19th in each case, and they had good reason to feel that the day is not far distant when there will be young players at their disposal of something more than promise. Mrs. Rothery (Miss K. Priest) who won the county handicap challenge bowl the other day from a handicap of 6, led the team, beating Miss Firth in the morning and Miss Mellor in the afternoon; Miss M. Johnson, the player who did well in the Yorkshire Championship, was second. She was only beaten at the 19th by Mrs. Rothery in the challenge bowl, and is still only seventeen. She might—of course there are a lot of mights in golf and might nots as well—win the Girls' Championship twice before reaching too august an age to compete. Miss Rhodes, who played sixth, is another newcomer to the Second. Having won both her matches that day, she also distinguished herself in the Scarborough South Cliff open meeting; with seventeen holes safely behind her she had only struck the ball seventy-one times. Par of the course is 75, ladies' record, 77. The golden chance was too dazzling, there was a wretched bunker and a 7 at the last hole, but even so, 78-6=72 had things very much its own way, both as to scratch and handicap lists. Miss Rhodes will want watching.

Down south there is nothing so good as this to relate at the moment. At the Hastings open meeting Mrs. de Winton won the scratch prize with 84, at the Moor Park Invitation meeting 81 from Mrs. P. R. Boulton carried it off, though scoring under handicap was excellent, Mrs. Kellock and Mrs. Shiell tying at 71 net. Perhaps the truth is that the southerners are growing a trifle weary of golf for the moment, whereas up north the brunt of the season comes in June and July. It is an old complaint that the north has not had the weather to get into any sort of practice by the time that southerners are growing stale, and that the South-East have finished county matches before the Northern Division have begun



Miss G. E. C. Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw were also in action at the Harrogate Open Meeting at Starbeck. Their respective partners in the Medal Foursomes were Miss Leetham and Miss Downes

theirs. So Northerners will be delighted that the "Eve" Northern Foursomes are to be a little later in 1931 than usual, namely April 14 to 17. And everyone, north, south, east, and west (for all are eligible) will rejoice that the venue is Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire. That is one of the few courses about which nobody argues; they just all agree to fall down and worship it.



Also at Starbeck: Miss Isobel Worsley and Miss C. Downes. Miss Worsley and Miss Judith Fowler returned a 73 gross to win the Medal Foursomes



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AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB

Miss Brassey and Mrs. Keith Menzies at the B.H.P.C. fine grounds at Norton on the day the Melton ladies had a match with the West of England ladies and beat them 2—0

wildly, and whistle shrilling with piercing, renting shriek as though invoking some higher power for aid, the train swept on, and little Daisy didn't hear it.

"That was Danny's last ride. He finished his run into town all right, and climbed down from the footplate looking an old, old man. He never mounted the cab of an engine again.

"He sat down outside the round house, his head buried in his hands, awful quiet. He sat there for maybe an hour, none of the boys caring to disturb him. The news soon got around town, and Maisie and Ned came hurrying along. When he saw Ned Fraser, Danny sprang up like a tiger, his eyes blazing like points of fire. Ned backed away from him, and then Danny caught sight of Maisie behind. He gazed at her for a moment, started as if to speak, then all at once the flame seemed to die in his eyes, his arms dropped to his side. He seemed to crumple up, to wither like a leaf blown from a tree by the fall winds. Without a word he just turned and shuffled away. Three months later he died.

"That certainly pulled Maisie up. I guess there was nothing really wrong with the girl, just too fond of having a good time. She completely changed. Went back to work as a waitress again, and didn't have a look for any man. She would have nothing to do with Ned though he still kept after her.

"But he persisted in his attentions. A smart, handsome fellow was Ned, and he had a way with the women. He was resourceful, too. When he found one method of attack fail he'd try another. When he saw he was making little headway he got working on her sympathies. Got her sort of pitying him. Maisie, poor girl, I suppose she figured she had ruined one man's life and there was no need to spoil another's. After all, Ned was in no way responsible for Daisy's death—if anybody, she was to blame. In the end she yielded, and consented to marry Ned.

"He was jubilant. There's no doubt the fellow really cared for the girl. And he was one, too, who hated to lose. When Danny married Maisie it had been a shock to Ned's pride. And then, when she finally did accept him, he could not help blabbering about it. The awfulness of the double tragedy

all unconcerned in the direction of town. (It turned out later that she was going to meet her mother, who had gone off during the afternoon with Ned Fraser and hadn't got back.) Quite unconscious of the great thundering freight behind her, she walked along between the rails.

"Danny jammed on the air. He threw the engine into reverse. But on that steep grade, at the speed it was travelling, and with its heavy load of grain, nothing human could stop that train in time. With its bell clanging

Engine No. 1437—continued

seemed so quickly to have faded from his memory. But we other fellows hadn't forgotten. We'd all liked Danny. We hadn't forgotten him.

"And old Peter Ward, the engine ostler, who had been pretty close friends with Danny, up and declared that Ned would never marry Maisie, that Danny would come back from the dead first and prevent it. 'Danny still rides the footplate,' he insisted. 'You and I can't see or hear him. But just the same he's there, passing up and down the grade. And Ned, if you'd any rightful feeling you'd know it. Your conscience would hear the shriek of his whistle wailing through the night air. Just as it did when he rode down little Daisy.'

"Old Peter stood there in the round house, his black hawk eyes smouldering, his fingers trembling as he pointed denunciatorily at Ned. The old man looked real impressive, and Ned appeared a bit taken aback. Some of the cocksureness faded from his bearing, and he slipped quietly away.

"I noticed as time went on that he appeared kind of thoughtful and worried-looking. Though not when he was out with Maisie. Then he would strut along with an air of bravado, a presumptuous little grin lighting his features as though defying us all.

"The night before the wedding we were taking out an 'extra.' I was slated for the run as head brakee. Ned was oiling his engine as I came along. He nodded to me as I approached. 'Well, to-morrow's the big day, Bob. I suppose we'll see you there. Hope we have a good run to-night.'

"I told him I expected to put in an appearance and wish him luck.

"Then he said in a queer sort of voice, clutching my arm as I was passing on, 'Say, Bob, do you reckon there's anything to what old Peter was saying? Do you think a man can come back from the dead like that?'

"'Never heard of any man doing it yet,' I said.

"We were hauling a powerful heavy train that night, and it kept us busy bucking the curves and grades among the Bunchgrass hills. I

was just trimming my lamp before going up to the head end, Chubby Powers, the rear-end brakee was sitting up in the cubicle, and Hank Ray, the conductor, was dozing before the stove. The engine was panting and pounding away up a steep climb, when all of a sudden there came a most ungodly whistling, and then the brakes were slapped on with a bang which almost seemed to shake the cars off the track. Chubby was hurled clean out of the cubicle on to his head. The con. was pitched right on top of the stove and got doused by a kettle of hot water—he let out a yell that drowned even the terrible shrieking of the whistle. I was

(Cont. on p. iv)



AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS SHOW

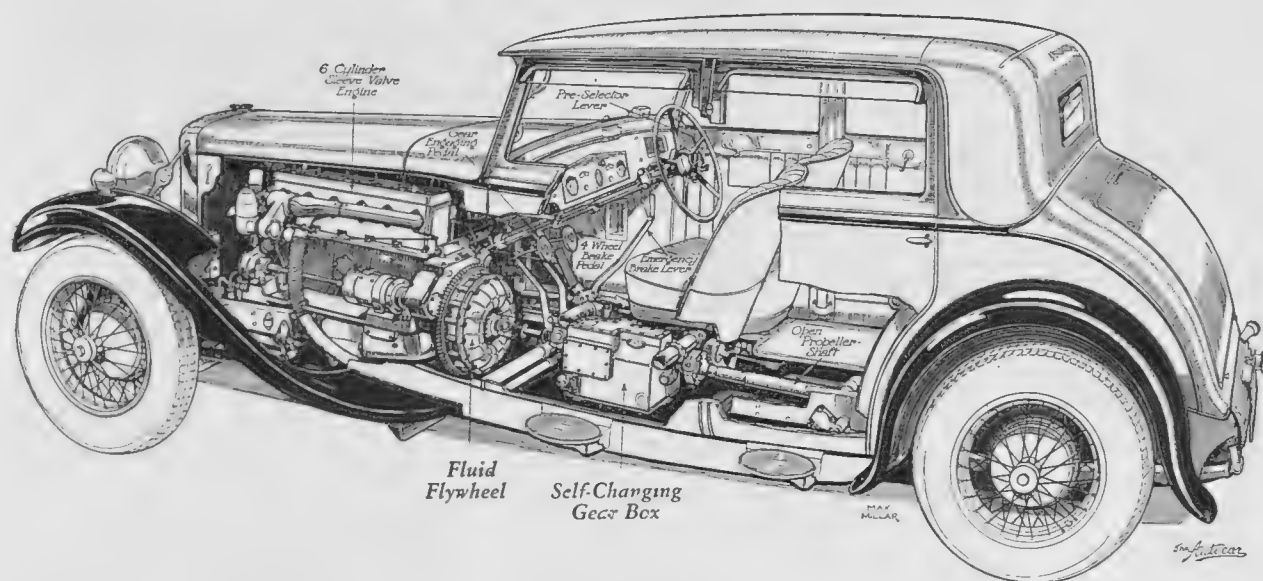
Mrs. D. E. Walker and Lady Hunloke, wife of Sir Philip Hunloke, H.M.'s famous skipper of the gallant old "Britannia," who is in as great racing form as ever. His Majesty does not go to Goodwood this year, but straight to Cowes

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



'Tis details that count in the world of dress to-day, therefore P. Steinmann and Co., 185,

Piccadilly, W., have created these accessories. There is the sleeveless net blouse at the top, the vest with lining, and the ever useful dressing-gown set. (See p. ii)



The Evening Silhouette.

THERE are two silhouettes for the evening; the one is stiff and quite able to stand alone—as a matter of fact it has annexed the pannier—while the other is soft and clinging and postpones all fullness until between the hips and the knees; when flounces are present they are sometimes stiffened with horsehair. The latter are expressed in chiffon-georgette lace and a very soft new satin. Moiré and taffeta are employed for the gowns that recall those of the Empire period. Skirts are long, and in dresses that are destined to be worn at formal functions there are trains—not imposing affairs, merely a soft drapery that touches the ground at one side or at the back.

The Return of the Pannier.

Realizing that women are seeking something new in the world of dress, the House of Jay (Regent Street, W.) are showing in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor the advance guard of the autumn modes. No one could fail to be enchanted with a *chef d'œuvre* in which black Chantilly lace and taffeta are present; the corsage is arranged with a pale-pink vest veiled with black Chantilly lace (the alliance of pink and black is regarded with favour); floating panniers appear on the skirt; they are decorated with a new embroidery. It consists of motifs of taffeta the size of a five-shilling-piece outlined with braid and then united with faggot-stitching.

The Soft Uncrushable Frock.

The soft uncrushable evening frock is well represented in the House of Jay ready-to-wear section. Lovely indeed is a brocaded chiffon velvet creation, the pattern shading from grey to pink and on to red and black. In this connection it must be mentioned that many of the dresses give the impression of being tailored in front, the decoration appearing at the back. The dress in question crosses over at the back, the hiatus filled in with a neat vest, at the base of which appear two enormous



This is the Stowitt Five, the latest Leveson Baby car, built by John Ward, 26, Knightsbridge, S.W. (See p. ii)

poppies, the colours emphasizing those in the dress. The skirt moulds the hips, flounces breaking the monotony in the vicinity of the knees. An important feature of a printed chiffon dress (the colour-scheme being reminiscent of an old-world garden in which nasturtiums occupy a prominent rôle) is a black lace fichu which is an integral part of the dress; it is outlined with chiffon, which in its turn is surrounded with lace; the scheme is completed with a narrow-gauged black velvet belt caught with a Victorian nosegay.

The Gauged Corsage.

Another decidedly new note is the centre gauging of the corsages, it is very becoming as it has a slimming effect without the least suggestion of compression. It was present in an exquisite hyacinth-blue chiffon dress in Jay's collection, as well as in one of sunset orange georgette; both may be included in the category of soft and uncrushable. It is likewise introduced in a *chef d'œuvre* of heavy black marocain; it is cut in a "V" at the back and finished with three snow-white flowers. By the way flowers have abandoned the shoulders, nevertheless the consensus of opinion is that it is only for a brief period; white gloves have firmly established themselves.

Afternoon Dresses.

In the autumn women are not greatly interested in the true afternoon dress; nevertheless it cannot be altogether neglected; in this collection there are several of a non-committal character. Much-to-be-desired is one of black georgette; the neck-line as well as the cuffs are finished with a knife-pleated frill of pale-pink georgette, the skirt being arranged with box-pleats. A black marocain dress had a petal collar, revers, and cuffs of pale primrose georgette; the petals were held in position with faggot-stitching.



A perfect trinity is Eleanor Adair's (30, Old Bond Street, W.) Cleansing Cream, Eastern Oil, and Eastern Cream. They must be used regularly in the all-important night home treatment



In the Eleanor Adair morning treatment it is the Diable Skin Tonic and Lily Sulphur Lotion that come into their own. They do indeed perform the work that is claimed for them in a very satisfactory manner. (See p. ii)

(Cont. on p. ii)

**YES, THIS IS
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Return of Brown.

Recently the whole gamut of brown shades have not been looked on with favour; now every shade is being applauded for out-of-door wear. They include tête de nègre, copper, chocolate, rust, and two other peculiar tints which have reddish and purplish lights. Bengaline façonne is a material that is being used in Paris for tailor-mades, therefore it is only natural that it should be well represented in the House of Jay's ready-to-wear section. For very early autumn wear this firm have implicit faith in the short coat and skirt with blouse; the last-mentioned fits the waist-line snugly and is finished with three buttons. When the leaves begin to fall these suits will be succeeded by those that have seven-eighths coats, which, in their turn, will have to give place to the full-length coat collared with fur, with a dress to match or a skirt and shirt. The approximate length is 4 in. below the knees. A toll has been levied on Cumberland, Scotch, and chiffon tweed for the creation of these models.

'Tis the Little Things that Count.

Englishwomen are following in the steps of Frenchwomen and are focusing their attention on the details of dress; therefore the accessories seen on p. 234, which were sketched at P. Steinmann and Company's (185, Piccadilly, W.) are of paramount importance. There is the sleeveless blouse on the left; it is of tucked net trimmed with imitation point d'Angleterre lace, and of it one may become the possessor for 59s. 6d. Below it is a net front with a separate lining; it is 58s. 6d. and is enriched with point d'Alençon. Dressing-gown sets are often difficult to find, therefore the one seen on p. 234 cannot fail to be of interest; it is hand-made and is of imitation Valenciennes and is pleasantly priced at 42s. 6d. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is a splendid assortment of tambour lace scarves, which give the much-to-be-desired feminine note, from 30s.; real Brussels lace scarves range in price from 7 to 50 guineas. Furthermore this firm excel in the art of remodelling laces from embroideries; they can be arranged as table-covers, cushion-covers, and bedspreads. All interested in the subject must write for the profusely illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

The Glorious Twelfth.

Sports suits and travelling coats reign supreme at Burberrys in the Haymarket, as the thoughts of all and sundry are focussed on Scotland and the Glorious Twelfth, indeed these salons are veritable

hives of industry. Sports skirts are longer than they were last year, but never more than 3 in. below the knees. Many of the coats of the tailored suits are made with shoulder yokes that go down to a point at the back; this ensures a perfect fit, nevertheless the movements of the arms are never handicapped. Short coats with four pockets are on the crest of the wave. Regarding colours, the accepted are those that are in harmony with the colourings of the moors, in checked designs. Scotch tweed makes the suit with the three-quarter coat on the left of our illustration, and Saxony suiting the one on the right. The arrangement of the yoke of the latter must be



WELL-BUILT TAILOR-MADES

Designed and carried out by Burberrys in the Haymarket. The one on the left is of Scotch tweed, and the one on the right of Saxony suiting

noted; it goes across the shoulders at the back and forms the breast-pocket flap in front—this is a novel and practical device. There is a special brochure devoted to wraps and travelling coats; it will be sent on application. It is worthy of careful study as the latest commands of Fashion find pictorial expression therein.

The Latest Leveson.

Stowitt Five is the name of the latest Leveson; it is a folding pram which is made by John Ward, 26, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is comfortable and practical, and the drop-end extension gives a cosy bed 35 in. long. The whole car is covered—

motor fashion—in Roytex, the new made-from-leather fabric. The fittings are chromium-plated, while the springs (concealed) are of the faultless Velvet Coil type. There is a wheel-locking brake, fixed or released by a touch of the foot. The tyres are an inch thick, and there are patent "stay-put" hood joints, a storm-proof apron, and a good safety-belt, and the price is £5 5s.

Night and Morning Treatments.

Eleanor Adair, that clever specialist in the art of beauty of 30, Old Bond Street, W., appreciates the fact that the great majority of women will be out of town, and as a consequence will be unable to visit her salons; therefore she has brought out an interesting brochure (it will be sent gratis and post free) explaining in the simplest manner possible the correct way of caring for the skin at home. Just a few minutes night and morning is all-sufficient. At night clean the face with cleansing cream, wipe off with soft tissues, pat on a little Eastern Oil and Eastern Cream mixed. Remove superfluous grease, leaving a little on round about the eyes and along deep lines to be absorbed by the tissues during sleep. The skin must not be drawn or stretched in any way; patting and kneading only must be done, all patting to be executed in an upward direction. In the morning take a pad of cotton-wool, soak in water to make heavy, squeeze out, soak again in Diable Skin Tonic; with this cleanse the face and neck, pat briskly all over, paying attention to lines. Dry with soft muslin. Apply Lily Sulphur Lotion with tonic pad, smooth over with muslin, apply rouge, and finish off with a dusting of powder.

Inexpensive Home Furnishings.

"Inexpensive Home Furnishings" is the title of Hampton's (Pall Mall, S.W.) new catalogue; it will be found of the greatest assistance to all wishing to furnish a small house or a weekend cottage for about £250; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free on application. There are Axminster stair carpetings 22½ in. wide for 9s. 9d. per yard, those 27 in. wide being 10s. 3d. Seamless Axminster carpets, 7 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. are £3 17s. 6d. A special feature is made of dining-room furniture, which although inexpensive is reliable. Wonderful value is present in the walnut dwarf bookcases with Astragal glass doors fitted with adjustable shelves, for £19 17s. 6d.; then there are the carved walnut bureau bookcases; the lower parts have automatic fall actions and fitted interiors and the upper parts are fitted with adjustable shelves; they are £28 10s.



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Engine No. 1437—continued

flung from one end of the caboose to the other and thought my neck had been dislocated. Every lamp was put out and every lamp-chimney broken. For a few minutes we were in complete darkness except for the red gleam from the stove. The language heard in that caboose was certainly not printable. We cursed that fool of an engineer about as completely and as vehemently as ever man was cursed.

"Meantime that whistle continued to wail and shriek away like a crazy thing, the train stopped and then instantly started to back up, and was very soon rattling along backwards about thirty miles an hour. I groped about and grabbed my lantern, lighted it and clambered out on top to go ahead and see what was wrong. It didn't take me much time to get up to that engine though the train was a long one. I couldn't figger out what was the matter. The night was bright and clear with a moon, and in front of me I saw a straight stretch of track.

"When I jumped down into the cab of that engine I got the surprise of my life. It was clear empty—engineer and fireman both gone!

"By this time the train had glided down the hill and was slowing up. The throttle was still open, but Hank was checking the speed with the air brake in the caboose. I made a grab for that throttle and closed it, and then put on the brakes. As soon as we stopped I hurried back to the rear end. I found the conductor bathing Chubby's head. He would hardly believe me when I told him that the cab was empty. He sent me off to set torpedoes and a flare to protect the rear of the train from anything behind us. At the same time he tapped the wires and got a message through to the despatcher at Redclay.

"When I had flagged our rear I walked ahead with another flare and torpedoes to the summit of the grade in front of us—up the hill we had just backed down. I had to go right to the top and I was away quite a while. On my way back I met Chubby and Hank dragging up a body from the side of the embankment. It was Ernie Felton, the fireman. He was stone dead, several bones broken, and his head crushed by an impact with a rock at the foot of the bank. They had noticed his cap lying by the side of the rails, and had clambered down and found his body thirty feet below.

"We carried him back to the caboose, laid him out on a mattress, then started to search for Ned. His body we found on the other side of the track, crushed up against a concrete culvert. He still breathed, and we took him back as gently as we could and laid him down beside his fireman. He was smashed up just about as bad, and we could see he wouldn't last long. We did what we could for him, then sat around him in the caboose with our three lanterns gleaming, waiting anxiously

the whistle of the relief train, wondering what in heck had happened. We didn't say much.

"Presently Ned's eyelids flickered, and his eyes slowly opened. He gazed around at us. Then he started to speak. 'My G—, a head on! A head on. He was coming down that grade about forty miles an hour. Didn't seem to slack up at all—couldn't maybe. Reckon the other engine crew were both killed. Was there much of a wreck, boys?'

"What do you mean? What are you saying Ned?' we asked.

"The freight that hit us—the head on.'

"But the track's clear, Ned, not a thing in sight.

"He looked at us as though we were demented.

"Didn't I see it clear enough? Can't I believe my own eyes. We were half-way up that hill, pulling steadily along when she swung round the curve—that freight, and came dashing down upon us. G—, I could see her headlights gleaming along the rails. Then she came closer, closer. I could hear the sighing of her steam, the clatter of her wheels, just as plain, plainer than I can see you fellows. Then the hog opened his whistle and seemed to burst the night with its awful scream. He came thundering down upon us.

"I whistled. I rang the bell. I threw on the air. Then pulled over the reverse and opened the throttle wide again. We began to back up. But that train came closer, closer. I yelled to Ernie. He stood staring at me like a crazy man. 'Jump,' I screamed. 'Jump you darned fool, jump.'

"He stared at me as though I were mad. The freight was right on us. I could even see her number. I pushed Ernie over the side. Then leapt clear myself. Oh, my G—.'

"But there was no freight, Ned,' we told him. 'Honest, the track's clear.'

"I tell you I saw it, heard it,' he gasped. 'I saw the number.'

"What was it, Ned? What was the number?' we asked, as we pressed water to his lips.

"Fourteen thirty-seven—I'll swear it,' he whispered faintly.

"We said no more. What was the use? Just sat still, listening to Ned struggling painfully for breath. He mumbled incoherently something about Danny Dexter—Maisie, and words we couldn't catch. Then just before the relief train arrived he died.

"We couldn't dope the thing out at all. Everything seemed to point to Ned having suddenly gone insane. There was no engine of that number on the division, but curiosity impelled me to trail the matter further.

"After some inquiry from various engine crews I discovered that number fourteen thirty-seven had been on the division and had been transferred some time before. It was the number of the engine Danny Dexter used to drive. It was with this engine that he ran over his little girl.'



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THE NEW



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IDEAL PETROL

Giving the Iron Mask a Human Expression

How the B.B.C. Rob the Studio of its Terrors

By EAMON GARRY

One of the nastiest shocks a certain world-famous stage-actor received was when he was recently turned down by the B.B.C. as being a failure. He has toured the entire English-speaking world triumphantly, caused more queues than any other male artist of the theatre, played to more jam-packed houses than there have been Sundays in his life. But the microphone caused his downfall—as a radio artist he is a failure. Nor is he unique in that respect. In the audition records at Savoy Hill is a list of names underlined in red ink. They are the names of artists who have been weighed in the microphonic balances and found wanting. Among those names are several which have been blazoned forth in the advertisements of West-end theatres and some which have flashed in electric lights outside the big cinemas.

A few days ago a great popular favourite—Nellie Wallace—made her microphone debut and many of us wondered how she would fare. We knew her visually—a jolly personality of diddering osprey and fluffy feather boa. Could there be a Nellie Wallace without the Nellie Wallace get-up? So we listened-in to her. This much can be recorded; we could almost see the waving osprey and the boa-ed neck, so convincingly did the artist get her personality past the immobile face of the microphone. How she did this I cannot say. I know that she did not employ any studio tricks nor display any microphone mannerisms. She just “did her stuff” and in such a sincere manner as if she were playing to one of her usual enthusiastic audiences. She never gave one the impression that she was conscious of the mausoleum-like character of her auditorium. One comedian, who swore to me that he would never appear before the microphone again, said, “I felt like one pill in a box.” If she felt that way, Nellie Wallace never gave it away; her voice may have sounded to her like a cry in an empty house, but she never let on.

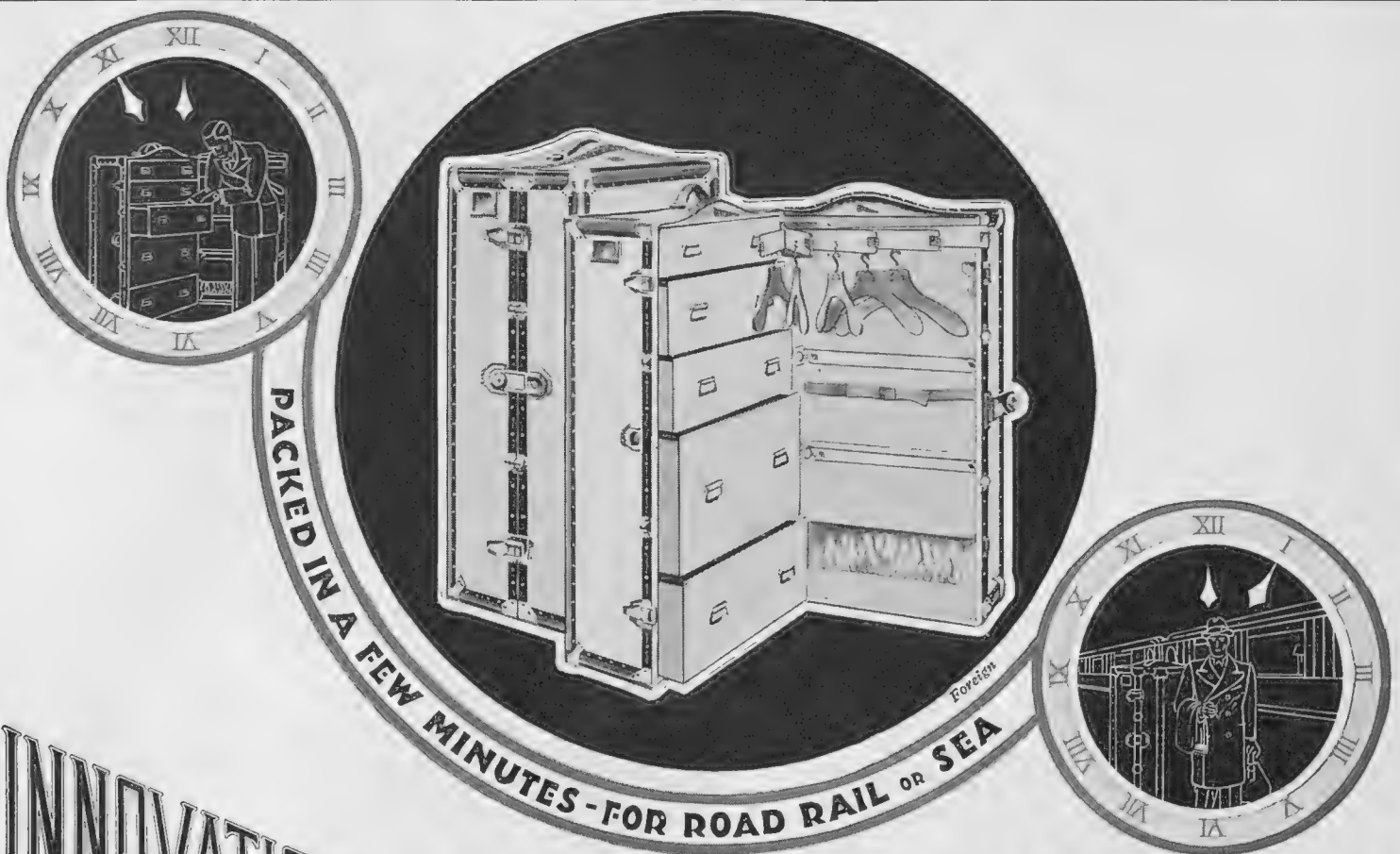
Savoy Hill authorities are insensible to the artistic strain that a radio-studio imposes on an artist accustomed to the electric reactions of a human audience. They sympathize with the artist who has always been sensitive to the applause or disapproval of a theatre-full of auditors. They have even realized that some artists who have lived all their lives in make-up and costume are demoralized when they try to work without. And so Mr. Philip Ridgeway, the B.B.C. producer, is arranging to assist them in this respect. Accordingly, the artists will not appear in the studio in their ordinary street attire. They will be made-up and clothed as for the stage. False beards and moustaches, wigs, hats, cloaks,

dress,es, uniforms—every item of stage impedimenta will be used as if they were before the footlights. Mr. Ridgeway is convinced that this will ensure greater sincerity in the radiocast performance.

As he puts it: “A musical comedy or romantic opera has a make-believe story. The artists should project themselves into its make-belief. They cannot do that unless attired in the clothes of the make-believe place. They cannot imagine that they are courtiers in a Ruritanian kingdom if they are in the plus fours they have just been playing golf in. If the fairy princess were dressed in a silk jumper and a tweed skirt she would feel as comfortable in her rôle as a Guards bandmaster would if he were to conduct his band in a boy scout's uniform. It is the constant desire of the B.B.C. to give their radio artists every facility for giving of their best to the unseen, listening millions. Those who, having paid their licence fee, switch on their sets in the expectation of getting value for their money ought never to be disappointed judging by the amount of thought the B.B.C. put behind every item in every programme. And not the least is the effort put into making the artists “feel at home.”

Few of the public can imagine the nervous tension under which the average radiocaster works. A singer on the concert stage can tell by the intensity or frailty of the applause what the audience is thinking of her song. A comedian knows by the laughs whether his gags are “going over.” But the same singer in front of the “mike” sings her cycle of songs unable to tell whether her listeners are drinking in her words, going on with their bridge, or switching off in her face. The comedian cannot tell whether they are yelling with laughter or yawning with *ennui*.

That is not all. The artist needs the spur of the personal contact with an audience. The 4-in.-square box of a “mike” is no inspiration. Rather the reverse; it chills with its coldness. And so the B.B.C. invented the idea of “studio audiences.” Forty or fifty people are seated around the microphone, and give the artist the inspiration of their presence and the encouragement of their applause. To the artist that small body of human beings is as manna. It feeds his art. He forgets to a considerable extent the frozen face of the “mike,” and ceases to wonder whether a million hands are creeping out to a million sets to switch off. He does not crack his jokes for the benefit of the unseen millions so much as for the appraisal of the visible fifty. When they laugh he knows the million are having a quiet chuckle; when they applaud she knows her song must also be pleasing the million. Every day the programmes of the B.B.C. are adding to their enjoyment, because every week the B.B.C. are taking steps to give the items a greater colouring of sincerity. This is accomplished by making a mental approach to the various artists with the idea of destroying the mechanical concept of radio entertainment, and giving even the Iron Mask of the microphone a human expression.



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The Roussel Belt is combined with a Brassiere exquisitely designed and hand made with fine lace. A luxurious garment that will succeed in making your new creations look even more ravishing.

Paris Fashions are Founded on the Belt by Roussel

M. Roussel—the world's leading corsetier—is constantly in touch with Parisian Dress Designers, to ensure that each new creation is complemented by the correct Roussel Belt.

On such ideal foundation garments, Madam can wear her newest gowns as to the fashion born. For the Roussel Belt is perfection of corsetry. Styled to the moment—woven in porous elastic—light, cool, soft, supple—innocent of busks or bones—yielding to every movement. And yet your

Roussel Belt will hold your figure gently but firmly to the correct line—and if need be, reduce it by an insistent massaging effect.

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You can order by post with confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. Prices: In pure silk elastic £9.9.0. In firm thread and silk elastic £5.15.0. In very light thread and silk elastic £4.4.0. Short-Belts to fit your figure from 16/-.

On sale only at

J. Roussel of Paris 177 Regent St. (Dept. E) W.I.

And 8a Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

PARIS	HAGUE	AMSTERDAM	ROTTERDAM	BRUSSELS	LIEGE	ANTWERP	CONSTANTINOPLE
83, Boul Malesherbs	21, Noordeinde	14, Leidschestraat	57c, Coolsingel	144, rue Neuve	13 rue Vinave d'Ile	1, rue Quellin	PERA, Place du Tunnel

Weddings and Engagements



MRS. G. L. DU CROS

Romney

Who before her marriage to Mr. George L. du Cros was Miss Agnes M. Smith, daughter of the late Mr. John Young Smith and Mrs. Smith of Roubaix, France. The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on the 24th of this month

J. Lucas and Miss Ruth Baxendale are being married at Froxfield Green, near Petersfield. On August 30, Mr. Cecil Banham, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. J. Banham, is marrying Miss Betty Cautherley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cautherley, at Royston Parish Church.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Jocelyn Campbell Patrick Proby, youngest son of Colonel D. J. Proby and Lady Margaret Proby of Elton Hall, Peterborough, and Miss Elisabeth Angelique Kerr, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Archibald Hastings

A South African Wedding.

The wedding will take place in Cape Town in October of Mr. Hamilton James Russell, B.A., LL.B. (Cape), B.A. (Hons. Oxon), son of Mr. and Mrs. Verner Wallace Russell, Rondebosch, Cape Town, and Eileen, daughter of Mr. J. Erskine Dods, S.S.C., and Mrs. Erskine Dods, Edinburgh, and Culter Craigs, Coulter, Lanarkshire.

Marrying Next Month.

Mr. J. C. Allan, Royal Air Force, will marry Miss Margery Campbell at Lilliput, near Bourne-mouth, on August 7, and on the same day Mr.



Bassano

MISS HERMIONE FISHER-ROWE

The elder daughter of Mrs. Conway Fisher-Rowe and of the late Major C. V. Fisher-Rowe, M.C., Grenadier Guards, who is engaged to Captain P. J. M. Ellison

Kerr and Mrs. Kerr of Toronto, Canada; Mr. Frank Sidney Hume Lemon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lemon of Hove, late of The Shelleys, Lewes, and Miss Joan Mary Cann, younger daughter of his Honour Judge Sir William and Lady Cann of Lewes, Sussex; Captain W. A. J. Lockhart, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, elder son of Mr. Joseph Lockhart and Mrs. Lockhart of Lisburn, co. Antrim, and Miss Beat-

rix Spong, daughter of the late Major C. S. Spong of Cairo, Egypt, and Mrs. Spong, Devonshire House, Mayfair Place; Mr. Chas. Edward

(Pat) Hamill-Stewart, Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Mr. H. E. Hamill-Stewart, and Mrs. Hamill-Stewart of Cotterswood, Pound Hill, Sussex, and Miss Joan Francis, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Francis of Knowles, Ardingly, Sussex; Mr. Thomas Frank Adams, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Adams of Little Hafton, Hook Heath, Woking, and Miss Elisabeth Fransen Van de Putte, the elder daughter of Mrs. H. C. Smith of 54, Green Street, W.; Mr. Albert Player Cotterell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. I. Cotterell of Newlyn, Gerrard's Cross, and Miss Barbara Esther Myers, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Myers of Dilkoosha, Reigate.



MISS BERYL BEARD

Bassano

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Peter Le P. Weston-Webb, son of Mr. W. F. M. Weston-Webb of Menton. Miss Beard is the only daughter of Mrs. Charles Beard of West Hill, Leamington Spa

ART IN HATCRAFT

"BEESWING"
Regd. No. 500272

This advertisement is not intended to introduce the
"Beeswing" Ladies' Felt Hat
or to propound its merits, because

- (1) It is sufficiently well known to dispense with the necessity of an Introduction, and
- (2) The ever increasing demands for the hat are sufficient testimony of its merits having been already recognised.

The purport of the advertisement is to bring to the notice of our many friends and customers the fact that we shall take all steps possible to safeguard their interests, and ours, against all infringements of our registered name "Beeswing" and to advise them that:

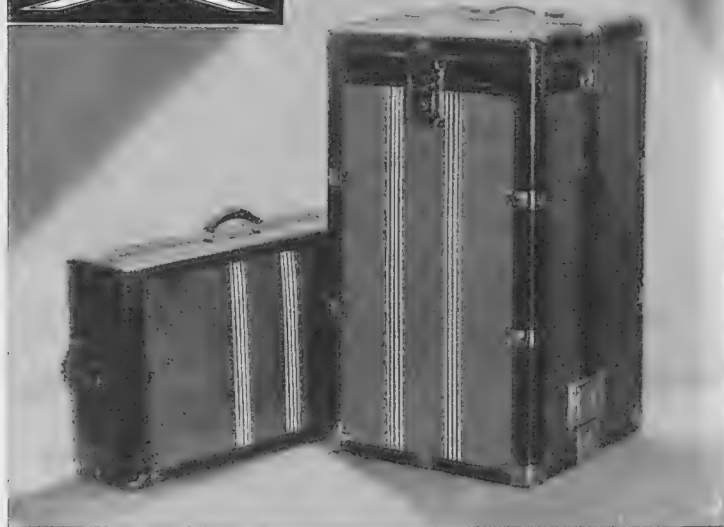
WE HAVE RECENTLY BEEN GRANTED
BY THE HIGH COURT AN INJUNCTION
AGAINST A WELL-KNOWN LONDON
COMPANY WHO HAD INFRINGED OUR
REGISTERED NAME "BEESWING."

Kindly note that the ORIGINAL and ONLY MANUFACTURERS
of the GENUINE "BEESWING" LADIES' FELT HAT are:

S. R. CARRINGTON & SONS, LIMITED,
STOCKPORT.

ORDERS FROM WHOLESALE ONLY.

HARTMANN



MORE than half a million travellers in all parts of the world have expressed their preference for this best known of all wardrobe trunks—HARTMANN.

HARTMANN trunks are sturdy—easy to pack—keep the daintiest frock neatly pressed and have a proper place for every travel necessity. These outstanding features make them the most popular wardrobe trunk today.

HARTMANN, purveyors of high grade luggage to the discriminating travelling public since 1878.

At the best stores and luggage shops.



DURHAM . . .

. . . . magnificent eleventh century Cathedral
. . . . just one of the glimpses you mustn't miss while speeding luxuriously northwards.

Really, travelling from King's Cross to Scotland is more than a journey, it's a panorama of history and beauty. Still, one can't keep the eyes glued to the window all the time that's where the L·N·E·R has been thoughtful.

"ON EITHER SIDE"

. . . . is a booklet produced for your diversion and instruction on your journey, illustrated and planned to show what to look out for, where, and on which side. It will be sent to you free on application to

THE PASSENGER MANAGER, LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2,
OR L·N·E·R YORK,
OR AT ANY L·N·E·R OFFICE

LONDON NON-STOP EDINBURGH ROUTE



BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE, W.2

::

PARK 1200



FUR - TRIMMED WRAPS

Advance Winter Models
now marked at

SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

MODEL No. B.50

AN excellent TRAVEL-
LING and MOTORING
WRAP, ideal for Scotland,
in a variety of new Tweeds, with
cape back, trimmed
with Jap Fox - 35 Gns.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Richmond Show was a very pleasant affair. The Athletic Ground is a nice place for a show, and everything went off well. Richmond is the last of the championship shows to be held in the summer in the London radius. There are no more championship shows there till the great K.C. Show on October 8 and 9. The next two months have three championship shows—Worcester on August 21, Brighton on September 3, and Belfast on September 10 and 11, but the big show of the Scottish K.C. in Edinburgh does not take place till October 1.

Meanwhile the other side of our hobby makes a start with field trials for pointers and setters, both in North and South Ireland; also in Scotland, in the Island of Arran and in East Lothian. Besides which those contests in which no woman has yet been bold enough to compete, either with an exhibit or as a handler, sheep-dog trials, are upon us, so the doggy world has no lack of interests at present.

All over the world, wherever interest is taken in sport, the name of the Duchess of Newcastle is a household word; no one has been more successful in the breeding of all kinds of stock.



CORRECTOR OF NOTTS

The property of the Duchess of Newcastle

The Duchess has a natural "eye" for an animal, and can judge all breeds, even those she is not well acquainted with. But it is of course in the difficult art of breeding high-class fox-terriers that she has been supreme, and the fame of the "of Notts" terriers has spread all over the globe. When you consider the strong competition and the clever brains which have devoted themselves to the evolution of the modern terrier, to excel in breeding them is no mean achievement. Champion after champion emerges from these kennels with regularity, and the blood



CH. WOLVEY PEPPER

The property of Mrs. Pacey

ers ever brought out. The photograph shows what a lovely head and expression he has.

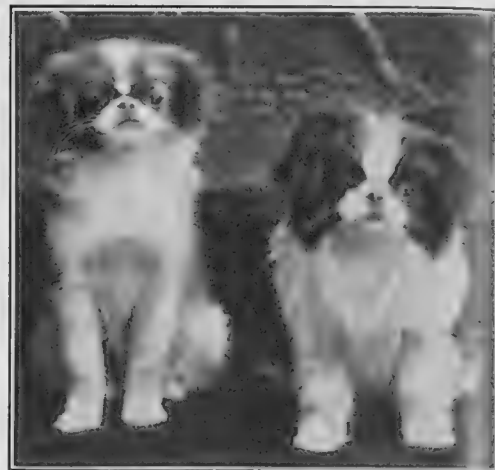
Mrs. Hope is contemplating a move, so must reduce her dogs, and sends a photograph of some Japanese puppies she has for sale. She says, "They are quite healthy and sturdy, well bred, and fine bone, and will not be big dogs when fully grown." She also has some Pekingese for sale, she says, "Both are small and sturdy little dogs, with very fascinating ways."

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

of the Duchess' terriers is found in almost all the good strains of to-day. It is with pleasure I give the snap of Corrector of Notts; one of the youngsters, a winner at Windsor and Bourne-mouth. Her Grace writes that she has a lot of good pups and adults for sale, all of this famous strain. As she is over-stocked the prices asked are very moderate indeed, so this is a chance for a beginner wishing to have the right blood, or for anyone wanting a really well-bred, good-looking companion.

Talking of fox-terriers as companions, Mrs. Gifford has a young smooth fox-terrier dog for disposal as a companion. She says, "He is just a year old, very sound and healthy, and would make a delightful pal." His price is most moderate to a good home.

Like the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. Pacey is one of those who go to the top in every breed she takes up, and one champion succeeds the other. The photograph given is of her latest champion, Wolvey Pepper. Pepper distinguished himself by winning the "best of all breeds" at our Open Show, and is thought by competent judges to be one of the best White West Highland-



JAPANESE PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Hope



Fashion's Newest Colour!
'NIGHTINGALE' KID
with python—an effective combination

HERE are two of the very latest tie designs in 'Nightingale' Kid—fashion's newest brown shade. Note the effective use of python, which undoubtedly makes these shoes the smartest of summer wear. There is a model for light afternoon wear; also one for the tailored ensemble.

PRICE 35/-

Write for illustrated catalogue.

Daniel Neal
& SONS LIMITED

120-126,
Kensington High St., W.83-7,
Portman Square, W.1

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

CASTILLON
COGNAC

**IS
BRANDY
AT ITS
VERY
BEST**



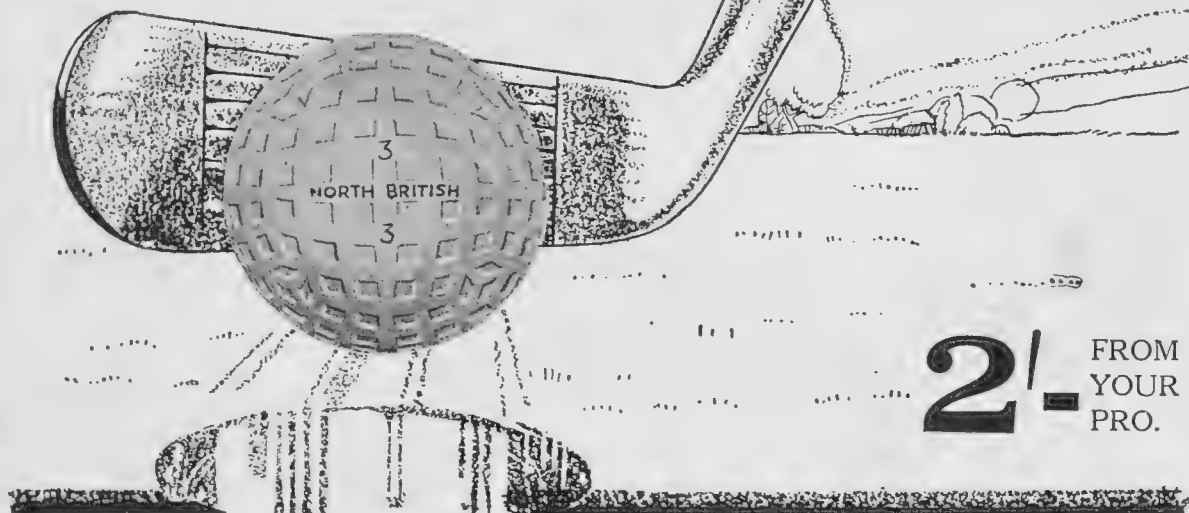
Willing CC15

The Putter

The putter is the old and trusted friend: it's the club a man gets to know: the club that seems to grow up with him. No man who loves the game can say "good-bye" to his putter without a pang of regret—no matter how worn and old it may have grown. But while it still gives you good service, treat it well. Give it good scope to show just how well it can behave by playing the ball that a good club deserves—the

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Sales Dept.: 200-208, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1



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"NORTH BRITISH"

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smartly cut on military style
by expert livery tailors at about
30 % under usual charges.

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THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—

MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Road, Leicester.
Box 89

The ideal Sliding Roof

A simple yet extremely effective sliding roof is now available on Triumph Super Seven closed models. It is infinitely adjustable, thereby providing perfect ventilation, and is guaranteed weatherproof under all conditions. Sunshine Roof Saloons from £187 10s. Other models from £162 10s. or £45 9s. 6d. down.

Lucas electric equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Write to-day for Catalogue.



TRIUMPH
SUPER SEVEN

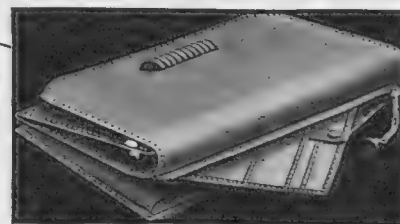
The Finest
Small Car
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MENLO A MOROCCO POCHETTE

BRITISH MADE



Size 10½" x 6"

Finest Morocco Pochette, lined silk moiré throughout. Fitted large mirror on ribbon, framed purse, and silk note case. Motif is covered with leather to match bag. The back safety-pocket fastens with a British Lightning fastener.

In all latest
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HANDBAGS OF
DISTINCTION
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

This Seal is
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Guarantee



Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "Shillacraft" bags.
Write **W. SHILLAKER & CO., LTD.**, 8-10 Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Motor Notes and News

Opinions differ greatly as to the most desirable qualities in petrol. Some motorists regard rapid acceleration with high maximum speed as the most important quality of all. Others with very high compression engines plump for non-pinking, and others, with an eye to economy, think that mileage per gallon is the chief consideration. It depends entirely on individual requirements. There are other qualities, however, which a good petrol should possess, such as volatility, to ensure quick starting and elasticity in meeting the demands of the accelerator pedal without choking or fuss. At the same time the spirit should be such that there will be no risk of its thinning the lubricating oil, otherwise serious damage to the engine may result. Hitherto motorists have been almost entirely concerned with the question of the design and performance of cars. Under all conditions of temperature the ideal petrol should be able to function uniformly and enable the best all-round results to be obtained. Present and prospective petrol users have now an opportunity to record their views as to the order of merit in which the different properties of petrol should be placed. The proprietors of the new B.P. petrol are offering £2,000 in cash prizes for opinions on this important question. Full particulars and free entry coupon may be obtained from any B.P. petrol dealer.

The Kismet "Popular" is the last word in foot-pump value. It is introduced to meet the needs of the owner who, realizing the inadequate and often useless nature of the equipment pump, has hitherto been unable to find



MISS JANE WELSH

The well-known actress now appearing in "Cochran's 1930 Revue," with the Wolseley Hornet saloon recently supplied to her by Messrs. Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1

anything to appeal to him at a popular price. The extreme care and attention to detail which have made Kismet pumps famous the world over have been embodied in this new model. To the man who has not yet experienced the advantages offered by Kismet products, the Kismet "Popular," though offered at so low a figure, will come as a revelation.

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, earnestly appeal for donations towards the 4s. weekly we allow a dear old couple who live together in a little basement flat. The husband is an invalid suffering from rheumatoid arthritis; he is unable to move from his bed, and spends the long days reading and listening to a wireless given him by thoughtful friends. His wife, who is sixty-three years old, works hard in the house cleaning the stairs, landings, brasses, etc., of the tenement flats, and in this way she earns her rent and is able to be within call of her helpless husband. They have 12s. 6d. coming in each week, 2s. 6d. given by a society, and 10s.—the man's Old Age pension. On this income they can just exist, but with no comforts for the invalid and very scanty meals for his wife. Now that the money we had for them is at an end they stand in grave danger of losing their little allowance, on which they count. Please will you enable us to continue it?

That supreme jest of naval affairs in the Victorian era, the comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is now added to the perfect His Master's Voice recordings of the Gilbert and Sullivan unmatched works. These nine discs give a full evening's delight of songs and music to British ears, for never was W. S. Gilbert's wit more keen, nor Arthur Sullivan's fascinating airs more exactly suitable to the occasion. The opera has been recorded under the personal supervision of Rupert D'Oyly Carte; the principals were selected from artists who have grown up with the Savoy tradition; and Dr. Malcolm Sargent controls the production to everyone's entire satisfaction. The notable company includes Sir Henry Lytton as the humorous First Lord of the Admiralty; George Baker as Captain of the ship; Charles Goulding as the supposedly lowly-born suitor; Darrell Fancourt as the gloomy Dick Deadeye; Elsie Griffin as the loving maid; Nellie Briercliffe as the chief of the First Lord's many lady relatives; and Bertha Lewis in the delicious character of Dear Little Buttercup.



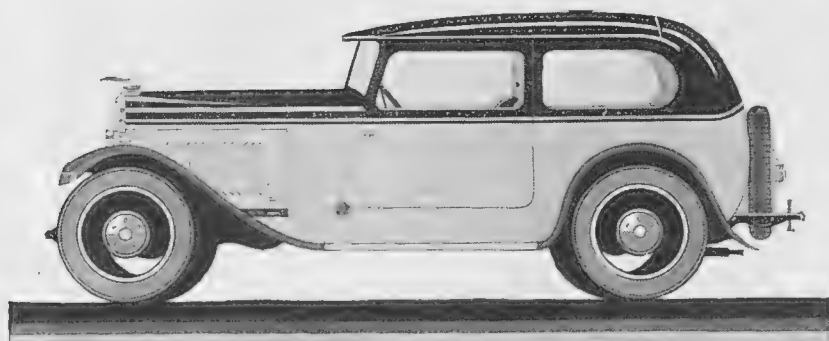
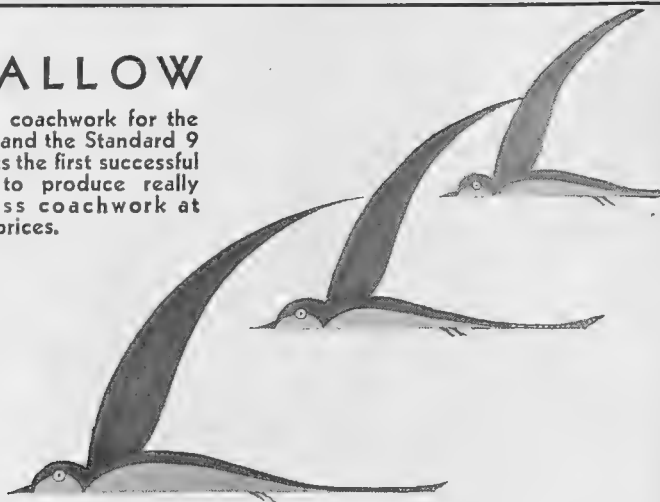
Janet Jevons

MLLE. SYLVIA DE LA HAYE

The beautiful operatic singer, who was the Nedda in "I Pagliacci" on Saturday last in the Carl Rosa Opera Season at the Strand Theatre. She also takes the part of Mimi in "La Bohème"

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V. 63



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This is very prevalent in summer-time, and the dust in the air is highly irritating unless the delicate mucous membrane is cleansed and protected with the antiseptic "Vapex" vapour.

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People subject to this complaint will find "Vapex" gives great relief, whilst its regular use affords a wonderful measure of protection.

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Mosquitoes and other insects are repelled by the "Vapex" vapour. If you have been stung, a drop of "Vapex" applied to the affected part will give great relief and act as a valuable emergency antiseptic.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.,
BARDSEY VALE

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for reference as it may not
appear again.

£265

IS NOW BEING OFFERED IN

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH BEAUTY COMPETITION BABY, SCHOOLGIRL, MAID and MOTHER

What is your Face Value?

Everyone is beautiful in someone's eyes. Mother, baby, twelve-year-old Lucy and eighteen-year-old Joan—you all have an appeal of your own. Here, then, is an opportunity to turn face value to advantage. Enter Wright's simple family competition and win handsome CASH PRIZES. Every photograph will be judged strictly and

fairly on its particular type of charm. Perfection of feature, winsome expression, lovable smile, pleasant homeliness—everyone has some individual appeal. The competition is in four groups—and you can enter any one of them. If you have an attractive child or baby, submit a photograph too. SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

Class 'A'	Class 'B'	Class 'C'	Class 'D'
Photographs of children up to 5 years.	Photographs of children over 5 and up to 12 years.	Photographs of girls over 12 and up to 18.	Photographs of girls and women over 18.
First prize - £20	First prize - £25	First prize - £50	First prize - £50
Second „ £5.5.0	Second „ £7.7.0	Second „ £10	Second „ £20
Third „ £3.3.0	Third „ £5.5.0	Third „ £7.7.0	Third „ £10
10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £2.2.0 each.

THE FOLLOWING SHOULD BE CAREFULLY NOTED:

1. Name, address of photographer and class under which the subject is entered, must be written distinctly in ink on the back of each photograph.
2. Photographs submitted must be taken by the sender, who must be an amateur. Photographs must not have been previously used in connection with any other competition or published in any way. Prizes awarded to the sender of the photograph and not to the subject.
3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. Competitors may send in as many photographs as they like, but each must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
5. Lady Moira Combe and the Editor of the "Daily Sketch" will act as judges and their decision must be regarded as final.
6. The last day for receiving entries is September 30th, 1930; the results will be announced in the London "Daily Mail" and London "Daily Sketch" on October 27th, 1930.
7. Photographs need not be mounted and will be returned provided that a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return.

Address entries to either Class A, B, C or D, "BEAUTY COMPETITION,"
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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THE "CARSTAIRS" does away with all difficulties in moving the invalid, whether upstairs or down, from one room to another, indoors or out. It thus affords invaluable relief, and is absolutely indispensable to every invalid's comfort.

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"THE BAD ONE"

An All-Talking Romance

And DOROTHY MACKAILL in
"THE FLIRTING WIDOW"

STOLL, KINGSWAY.

DOORS OPEN 12 noon (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing July 28th.

ELINOR GLYN'S FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE:

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS." Featuring WARNER BAXTER and CATHERINE DALE OWEN.

TALKING! SINGING! "JAZZ HEAVEN." Starring SALLY O'NEIL and JOHN MACK BROWN.
DANCING!

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Departures from DINARD and return

MAY, JUNE and SEPTEMBER, twice a week.

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Regular service in half day

ST. MALO—LA BAULE in half day throughout July and August

All particulars to be obtained at Principal Travel Bureaux and from Etablissements J. Beaudré, Rue Lord Kilchener, Dinan, France. Illustrated booklet free on application.

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The newest de-luxe Hotel on the front.

100 Rooms.

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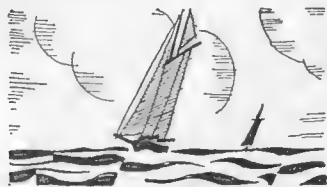
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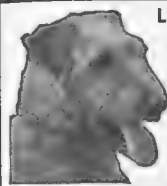
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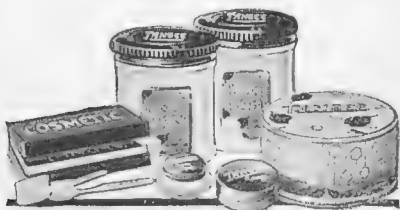
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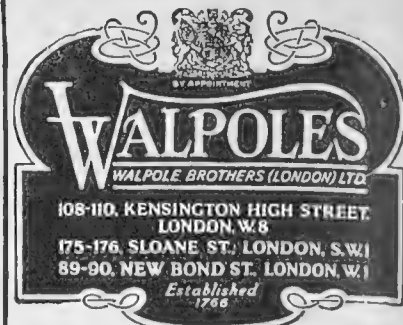
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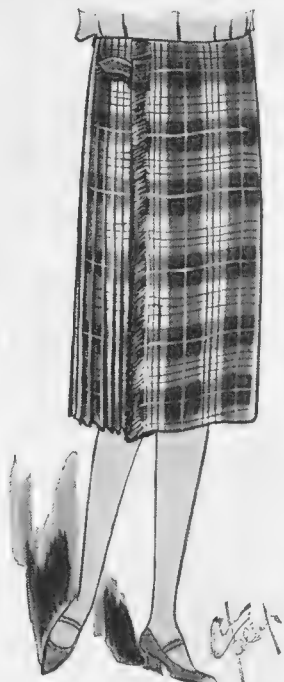
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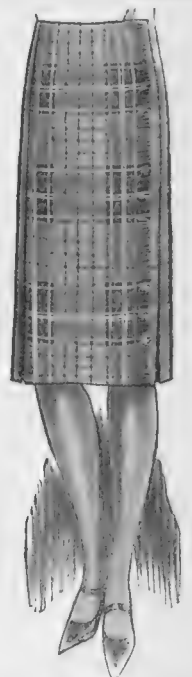
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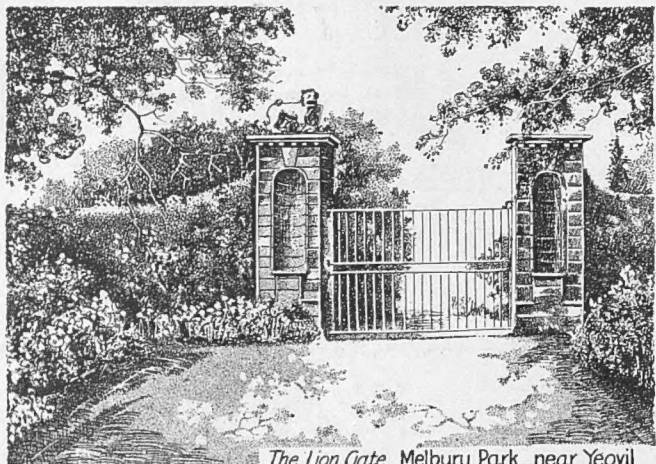
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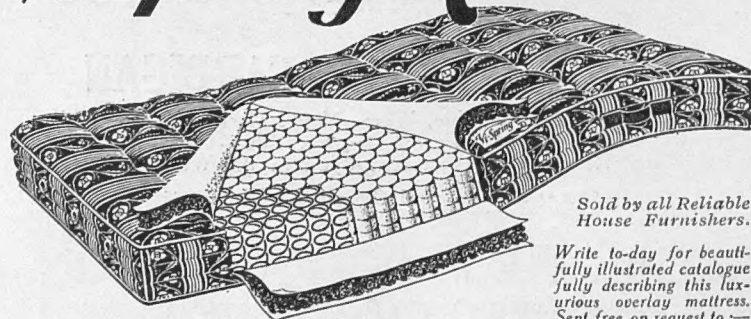
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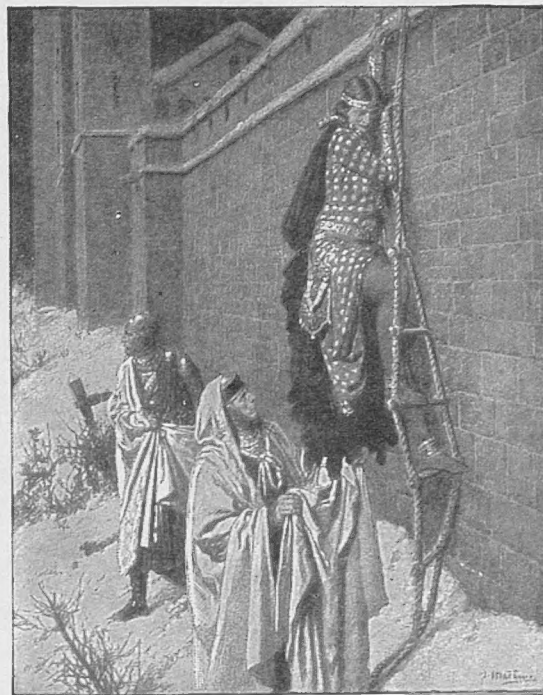
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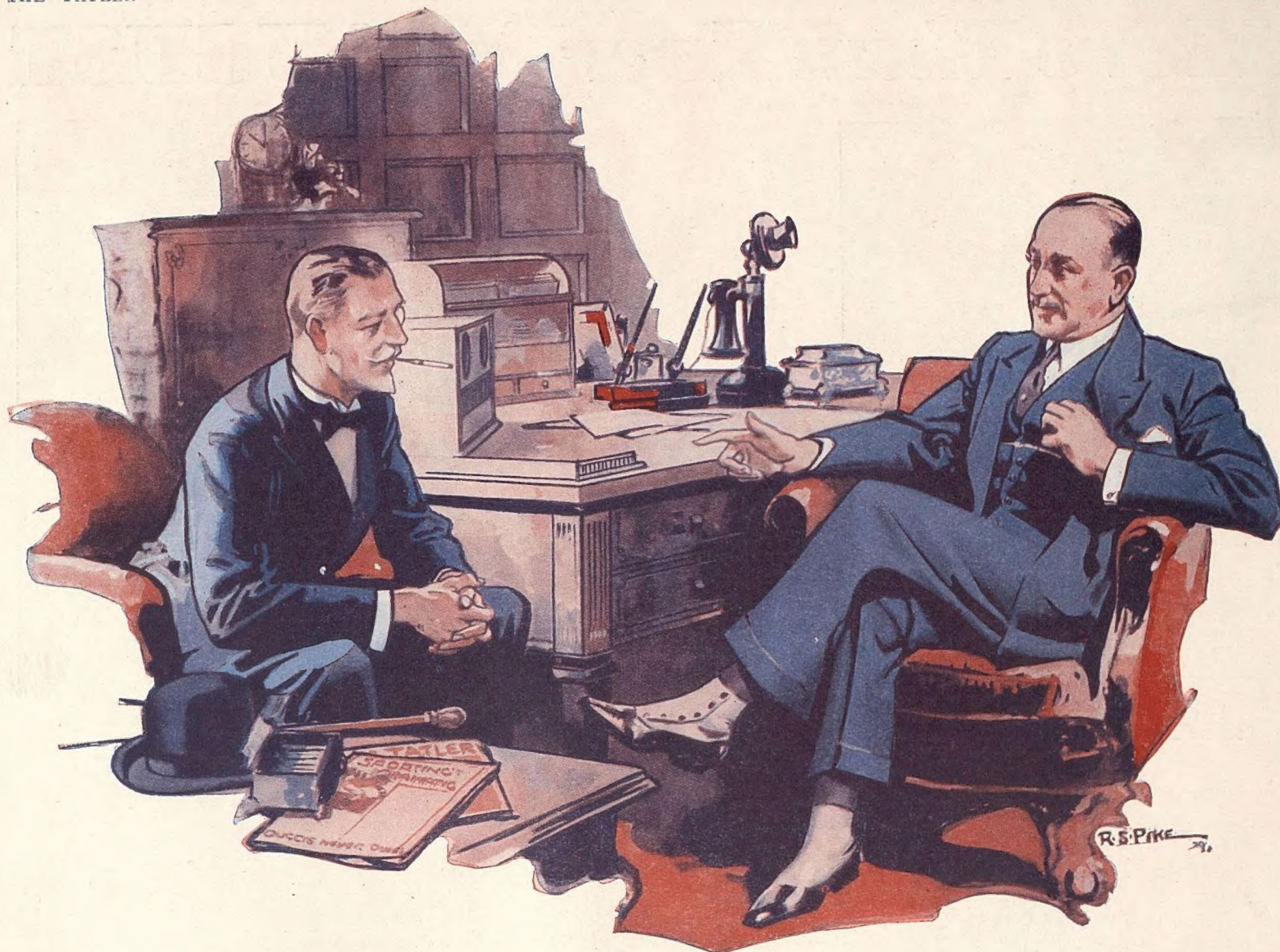
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"Lost Telegrams."

Sir Edward: "Colonel Cheriton was telling me at the Club the other day that he recently wired a commission for Glommen to his agent. His horse won; but, poor chap, his wire never reached his agent. The Telegraph Department admitted it was never delivered—got held up somewhere—and in accordance with his agent's rules he wasn't 'on.' What rules have you covering this point?"

Duggie: "My rule distinctly states that I guarantee payment in full over wires which, through the fault of the Post Office, are lost in transmission."

Sir Edward: "Another very extraordinary incident occurred to Lord Finchley. He wired 'a hundred' on a horse, and when the telegram was received the stake had been left out. His agent's rules stated that wires were dealt with as received, and consequently he had no bet! Deuced hard luck! Now what would have happened if you had been Finchley's agent?"

Duggie: "Immediately I received the telegram I would have had it 'repeated.'"

Sir Edward: "Yes? But suppose when you got the repetition the stake was still omitted?"

Duggie: "Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately."

Sir Edward: "Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted?"

Duggie: "Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuse to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead."

Sir Edward: "Very fair indeed. You might send your rules to Colonel Cheriton and Lord Finchley. By the way, Stuart, what are you doing about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Same terms, Sir Edward. No Limit, 'Tote' or S.P."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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Douglas Stuart

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